

BLUE RIBBON

COMICS

ACTION! MYSTERY! THRILLS!

JAN.
10¢
NO. 3



RANG-A-TANG

"THE WONDER DOG!"

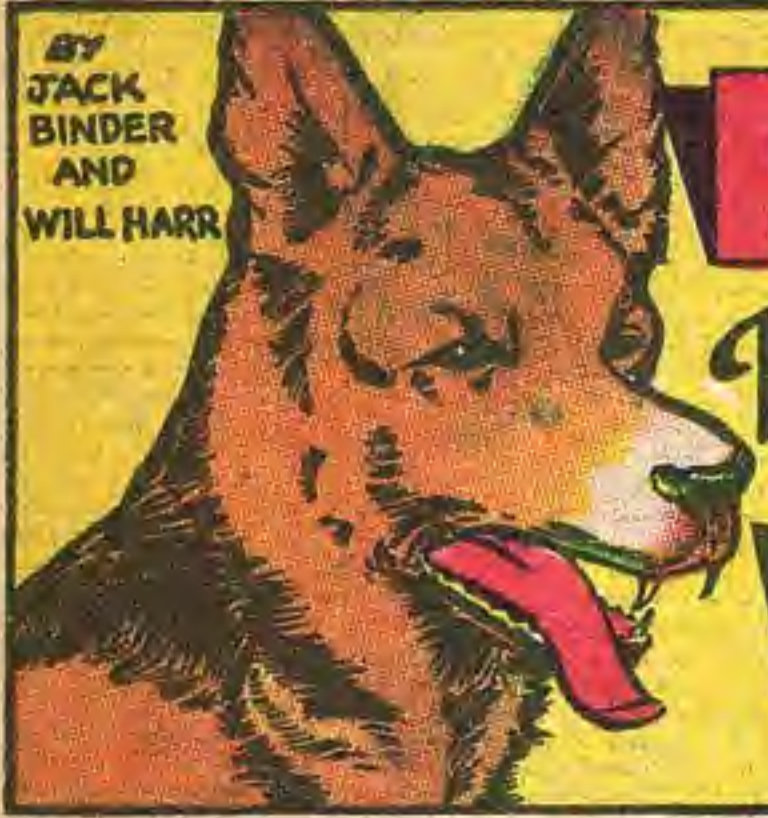
also **SCOOP CODY**
DEVILS OF THE DEEP
and many others

SENSATIONAL
FEATURE!
**CORPORAL
COLLINS**
INFANTRY-
MAN

BIRO

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

BY
JACK
BINDER
AND
WILL HARR



RANG A TANG

The WONDER DOG

HARDLY EVER IN HISTORY HAS SUCH FAITH EXISTED BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST AS THE BOND OF FRIENDSHIP WHICH TIES RANG-A-TANG TO HY SPEED, THE ACE DETECTIVE. SIDE BY SIDE THE TWO FIGHT FOR LAW AND ORDER. WITH HIS SUPER-KEEN EYES, SENSITIVE EARS, UNERRING SENSE OF SMELL AND EXTRAORDINARY AGILITY, THE WONDER DOG MORE THAN MAKES UP FOR HIS INABILITY TO SPEAK. IN THIS EPISODE, RANG AND SPEED MATCH WITS WITH THE GANGSTERS.

IN NEW YORK CITY-A DARING DAY LIGHT ROBBERY IS BEING COMMITTED.



STRIKING WITH SUCH SUDDENNESS, THE BANDITS MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE.



WHAT! THE FIRST NATIONAL?-BE RIGHT OVER!



COME ON, RANG!
THERE'S WORK TO DO!



THERE WERE FIVE OF 'EM--WENT EAST IN A GREEN SEDAN!



WHILE THE MEN TALK, RANG-A-TANG'S KEEN EYES ARE BUSY.





RANG DASHES TO THE CURB AND PICKS UP A HAT. SPEED REALIZES THE VALUE OF THE CLUE.



SO-ONE OF THE BANDITS LOST HIS HAT-EH, RANG?



OK RANG-LET'S GO!

ACTING ON THE POLICEMAN'S INFORMATION, SPEED HOPS INTO HIS CAR AND HEADS EAST.



THEY MUST HAVE GONE RIGHT PAST SALLY'S LUNCHROOM--WE'LL STOP THERE!



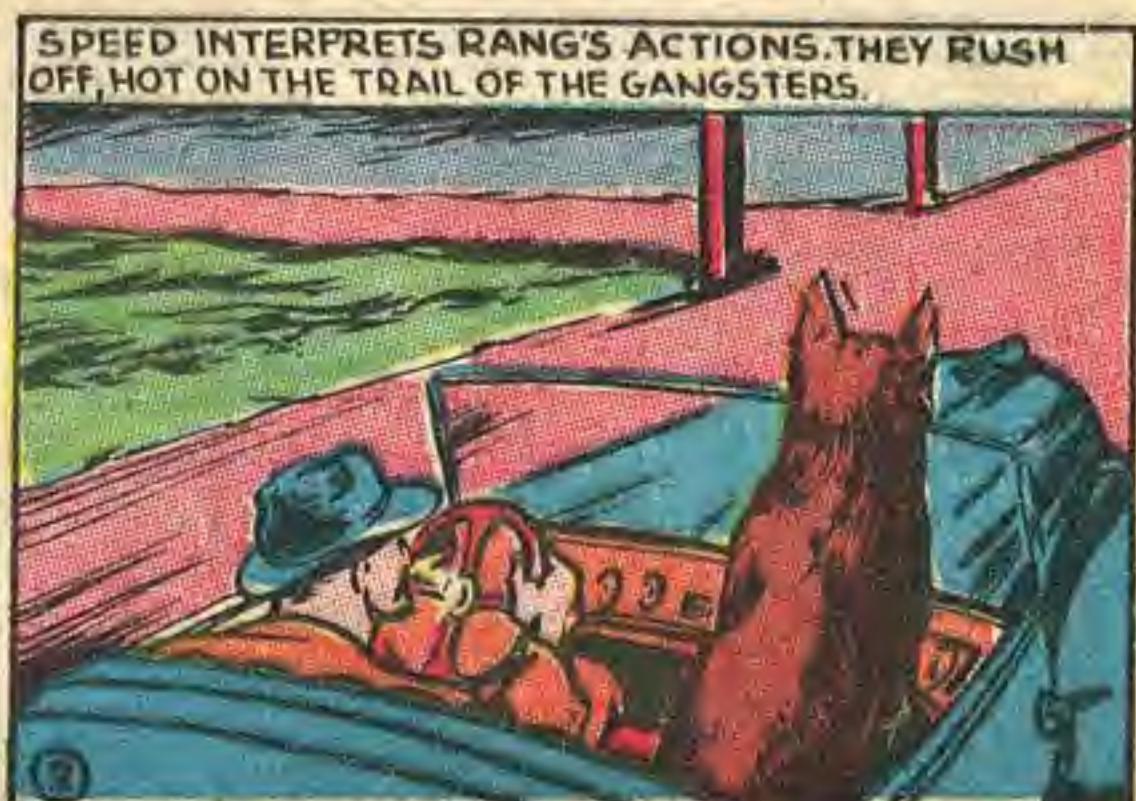
HE STOPS AT HIS GIRL FRIEND'S LUNCHEONETTE, HOPING THAT SHE MAY HAVE SEEN THE BANDITS.



SALLY!- SHE'S GONE! MUST HAVE TAKEN HER AS HOSTAGE!



RANG-A-TANG HUNTS AMONG THE DEBRIS, LOOKING FOR A CLUE. FINALLY, THE WONDER DOG RECOGNIZES THE SCENT OF THE BANK BANDIT WHO LOST THE HAT, PROVING THAT THE SAME GANG HAD BEEN AT THE LUNCH-ROOM.

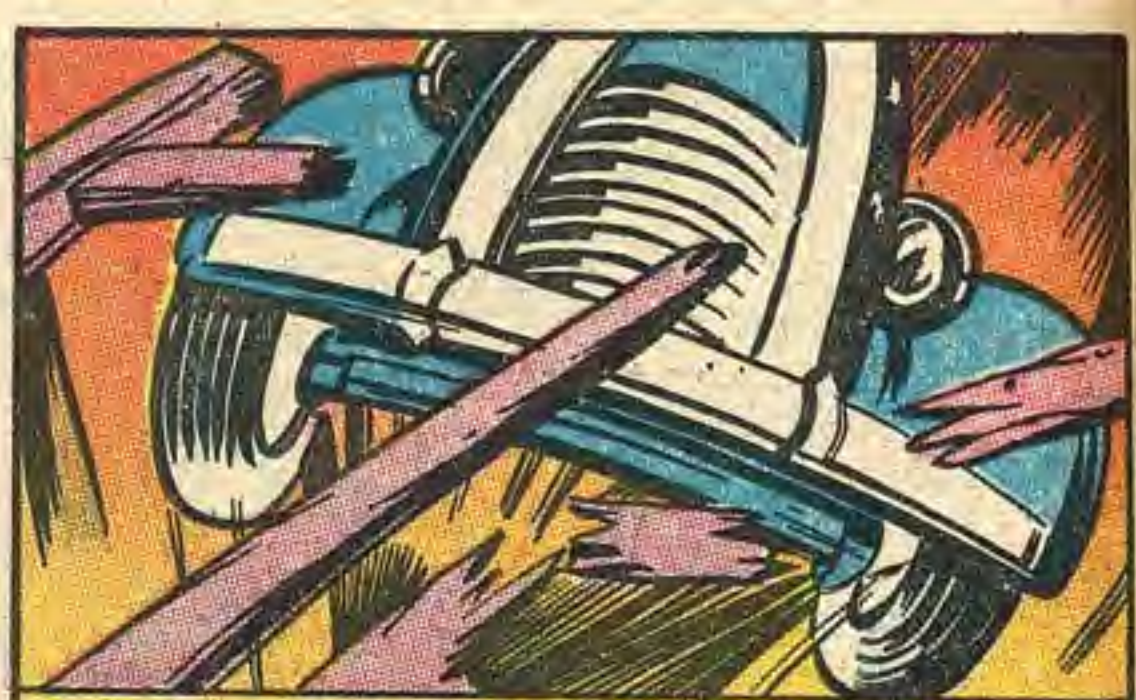


SPEED INTERPRETS RANG'S ACTIONS. THEY RUSH OFF, HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THE GANGSTERS.





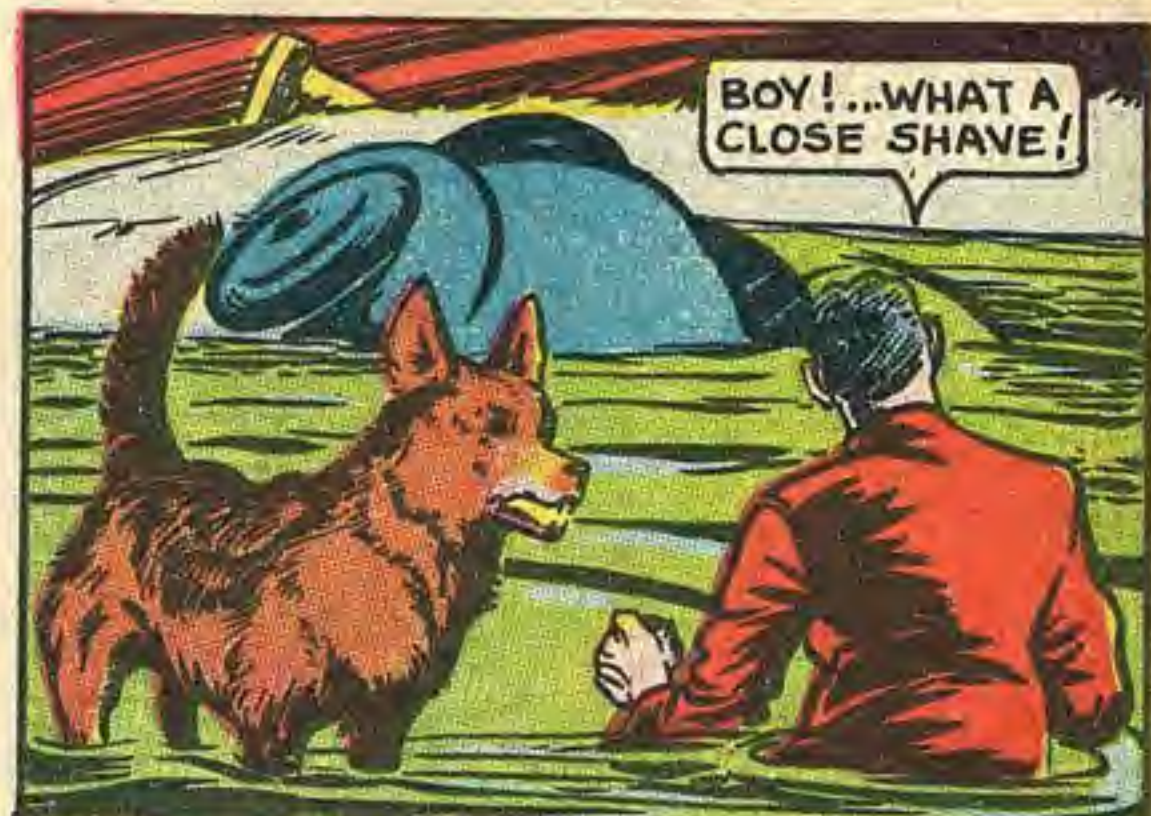
THAT
SETTLES
THEM!



WHILE DUCKING THE GANGSTER'S BULLETS, HY'S
CAR SPEEDS OUT OF CONTROL...



...AND LANDS IN A SHALLOW CREEK!



BOY!...WHAT A
CLOSE SHAVE!



THE
WONDER
DOG HEARS
SOMETHING
IN THE
DISTANCE.



I GOT THE MOTOR
STARTED, CHIEF!

GOOD!

MEANWHILE,
THE GANGSTERS
REACH A SMALL
DOCK, WHERE
A MOTOR BOAT
IS TIED.



HEH! THAT'S AS FAR
AS THEY CAN TRAIL US!

WITH SALLY AS THEIR CAPTIVE, THE GANGSTERS
HEAD FOR THEIR SECRET HIDEOUT.



KEEP THE SCENT,
RANG... OR WE WILL
NEVER FIND THEM!

RANG'S
UNERRING EAR
AND SENSE OF
SMELL LEAD
THEM ONWARD,
HOT ON THE TRAIL
OF THE GANG.



SO THIS IS THEIR
HIDEOUT!



CAREFUL, RANG-NO
NOISE! WAIT HERE
FOR ME!



SPEED, NOT WISHING TO EXPOSE RANG-A-TANG TO
DANGER, ORDERS THE FAITHFUL DOG TO REMAIN
OUT OF SIGHT, OUT OF THE RANGE OF BULLETS.



THE DETECTIVE
APPROACHES THE
HOUSE ALONE,
BUT HE IS NOT
UNSEEN. KEEN
EYES HAVE
SPOTTED HIM
FROM A SECOND
STORY WINDOW.
THE THUG FIRES,
A BULLET BARE-
LY MISSES HIM.
SPEED WHIRLS
AND RUNS TO-
WARD THE END
OF THE HOUSE...

I MUST FIND COVER!

AS HE ROUNDS THE CORNER, SPEED RUNS INTO
A HAYMAKER FROM THE GANG'S CHIEF.



A SNOOPER
EH...!

ALTHOUGH TAKEN UNAWARES...HY GIVES THE
THUGS A TERRIFIC BATTLE!



TAKE THAT!
YOU SKUNK!



BUT THE
ODDS ARE
AGAINST HY,
AND HE IS
FINALLY
SUBDUED.

WHAT DID YOU DO
WITH THE GIRL?



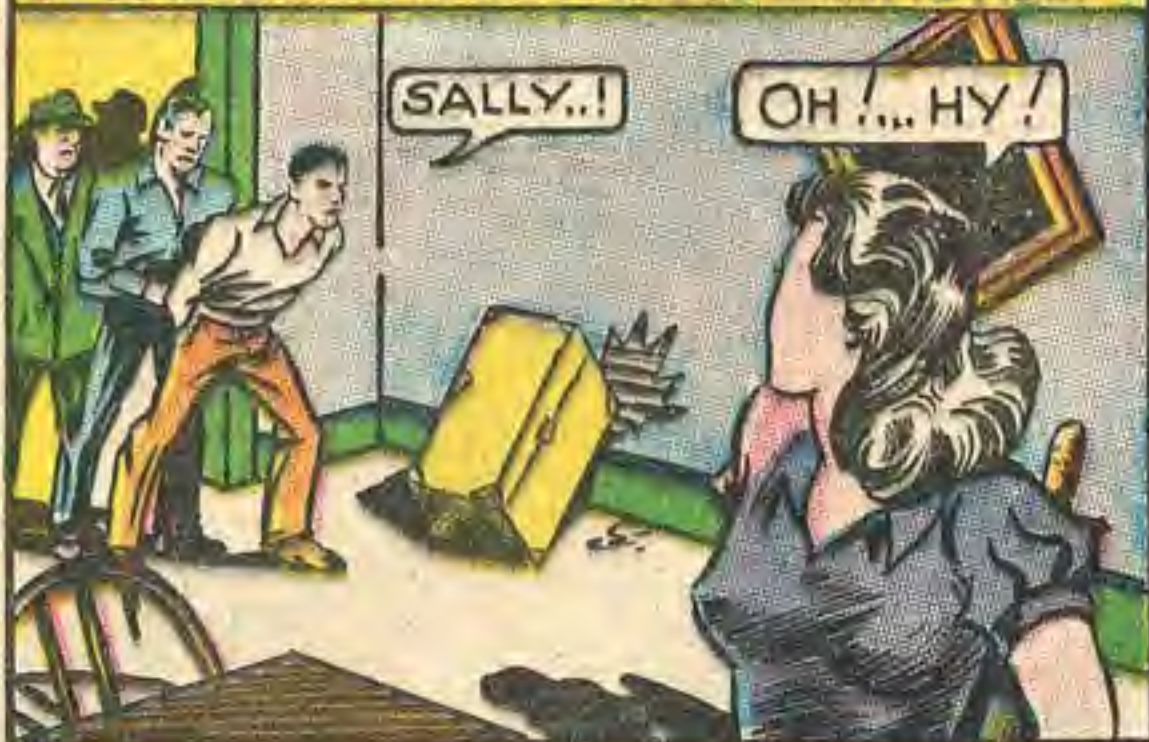
WE'LL TAKE
YA TO HER,
FLATFOOT!

IF YOU'VE HURT
HER, I'LL...!

HY IS TAKEN TO THE ROOM WHERE SALLY IS TIED!

SALLY...!

OH !... HY!



THIS HIDE-OUT AIN'T SAFE ANY MORE, LET'S BLOW UP THE JOINT!

YEAH! AN' THEM, TOO, THEN THEY CAN'T IDENTIFY US!



HAVING TIED HY SPEED TO A CHAIR NEAR SALLY'S, THE CHIEF DECIDES ON A PLAN...

TO BLOW UP THE HIDE-OUT, ONE OF THE GANG MAKES A BOMB AND PLACES IT BETWEEN THE TWO

NOW WE'LL LEAVE YOU TWO LOVE BIRDS ALONE, WE'RE LEAVIN'!

WHY, YOU DIRTY RATS!



CAPTIVES, AND LIGHTS THE FUSE. AFTER THE GANG LEAVES, HY WHISTLES FOR THE FAITHFUL WONDER DOG, RANG-A-TANG.



RANG-A-TANG, HEARING HIS MASTER'S CALL, DASHES FROM HIS HIDING PLACE AND CIRCLES THE HOUSE IN AN EFFORT TO LOCATE HY SPEED. SCENTING HIS MASTER ON THE SECOND FLOOR, THE WONDER DOG MAKES A TREMENDOUS LEAP.



WITH THE FORCE OF A BULLET RANG BREAKS THROUGH THE WINDOW!



THE WONDER DOG NIMBLY
LANDS INSIDE THE ROOM
WHERE SPEED AND SALLY
ARE HELD CAPTIVE.



HURRY RANG, THERE
IS NO TIME TO LOOSE!

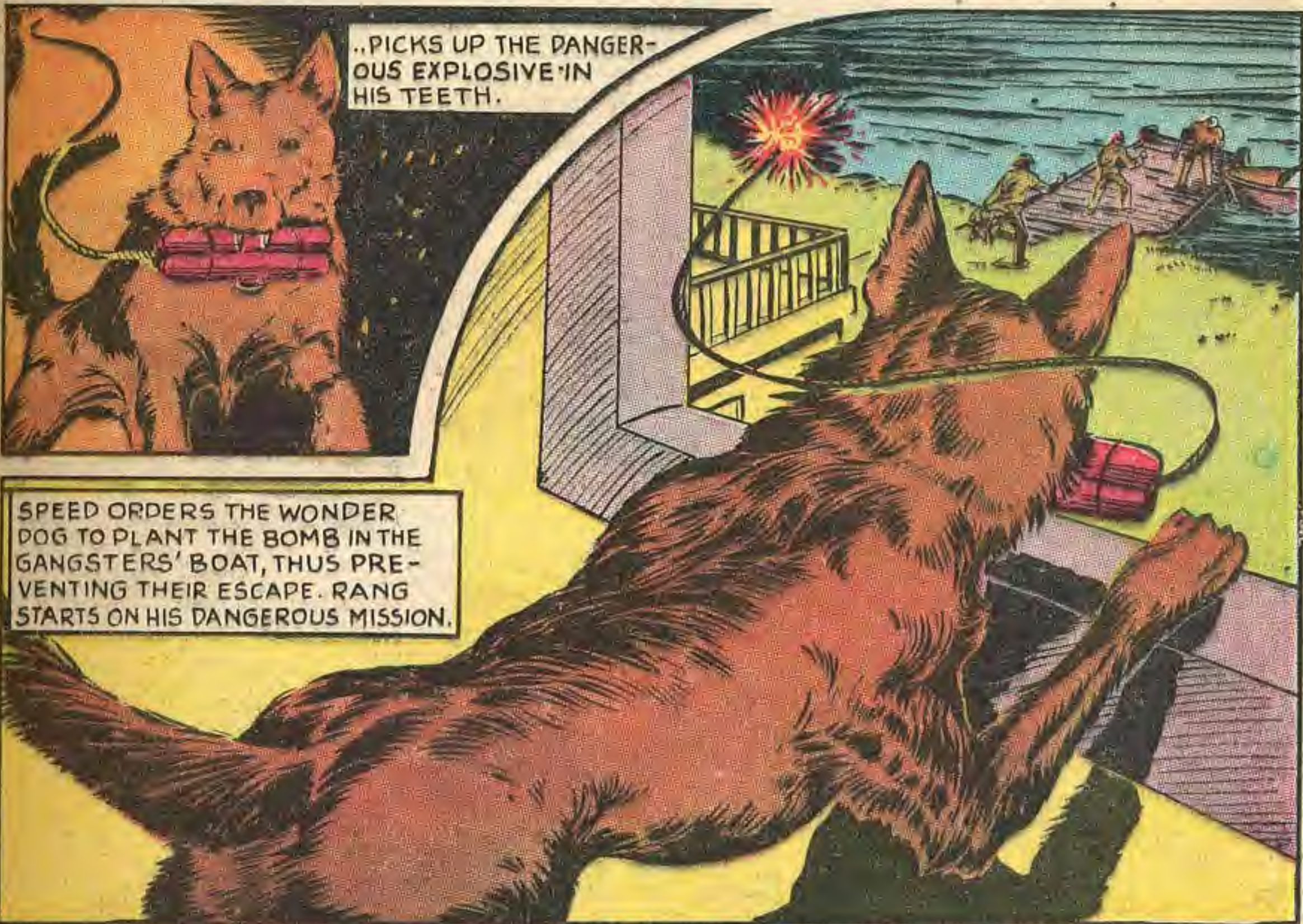


RANG TAKES IN THE
SITUATION AT ONCE.
HE DASHES FOR THE
DYNAMITE...

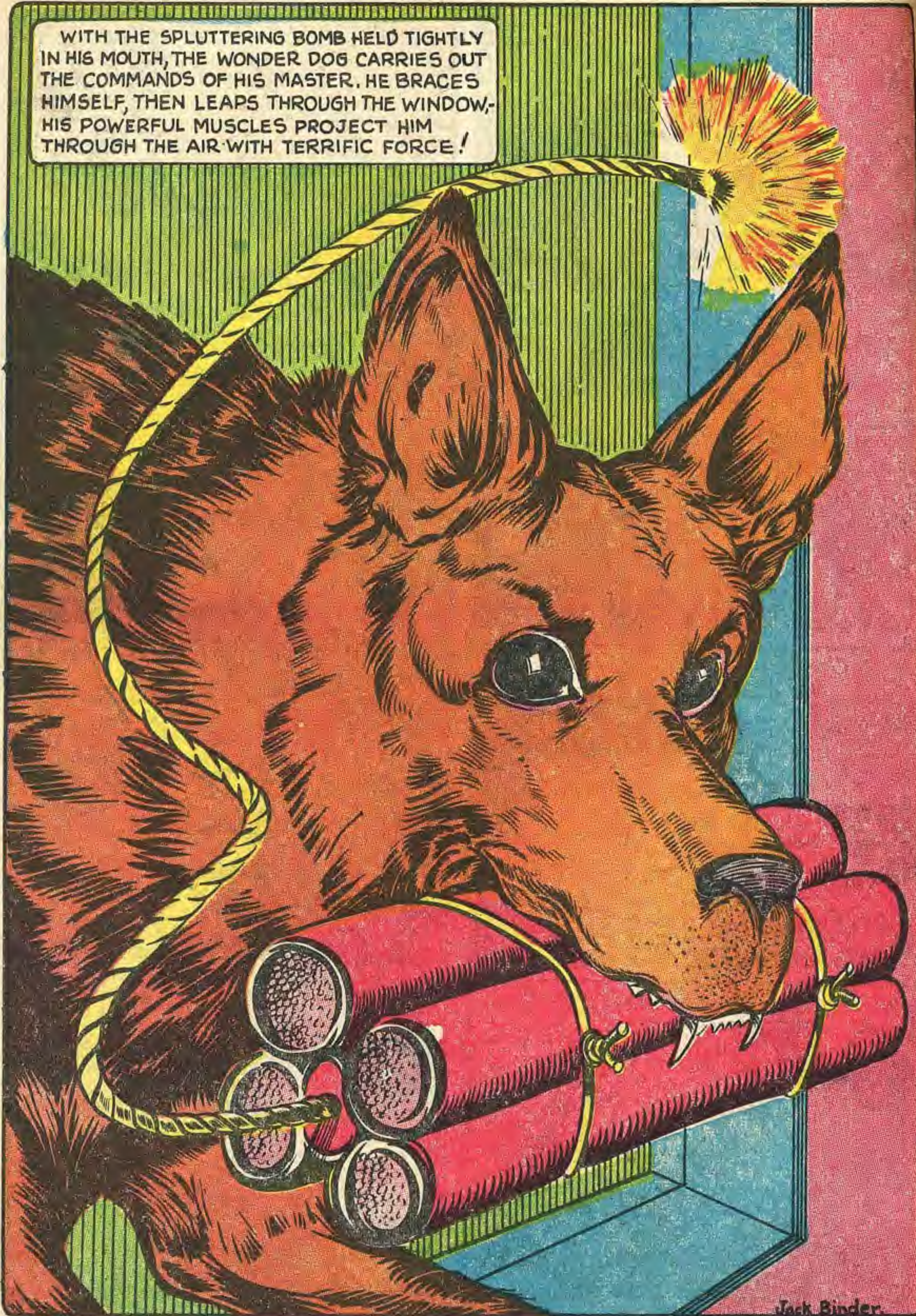


..PICKS UP THE DANGER-
OUS EXPLOSIVE IN
HIS TEETH.

SPEED ORDERS THE WONDER
DOG TO PLANT THE BOMB IN THE
GANGSTERS' BOAT, THUS PRE-
VENTING THEIR ESCAPE. RANG
STARTS ON HIS DANGEROUS MISSION.



WITH THE SPLUTTERING BOMB HELD TIGHTLY
IN HIS MOUTH, THE WONDER DOG CARRIES OUT
THE COMMANDS OF HIS MASTER. HE BRACES
HIMSELF, THEN LEAPS THROUGH THE WINDOW,
HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES PROJECT HIM
THROUGH THE AIR WITH TERRIFIC FORCE!



RANG-A-TANG RACES TO THE DOCK AND SETS THE BOMB IN THE MOTOR BOAT.



THE GANGSTERS ARE TAKEN BY SURPRISE. THE BOMB EXPLODES BEFORE THEIR EYES. THE CONCUSSION PARALYZES THEM.



THE WONDER DOG RETURNS TO FREE HIS MASTER.



THERE'S NO WAY TO LEAVE THE ISLAND, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GET HELP. RANG, TAKE THIS NOTE TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



WITHOUT HESITATION, THE FAITHFUL DOG IS ON HIS WAY TO DELIVER THE MESSAGE.



BACK ON THE ISLAND, THE GANGSTERS ARE STILL DAZED.

HERE IS THE STOLEN MONEY!

GOOD! NOW I'LL TIE THEM UP.



BUT THEY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS.

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



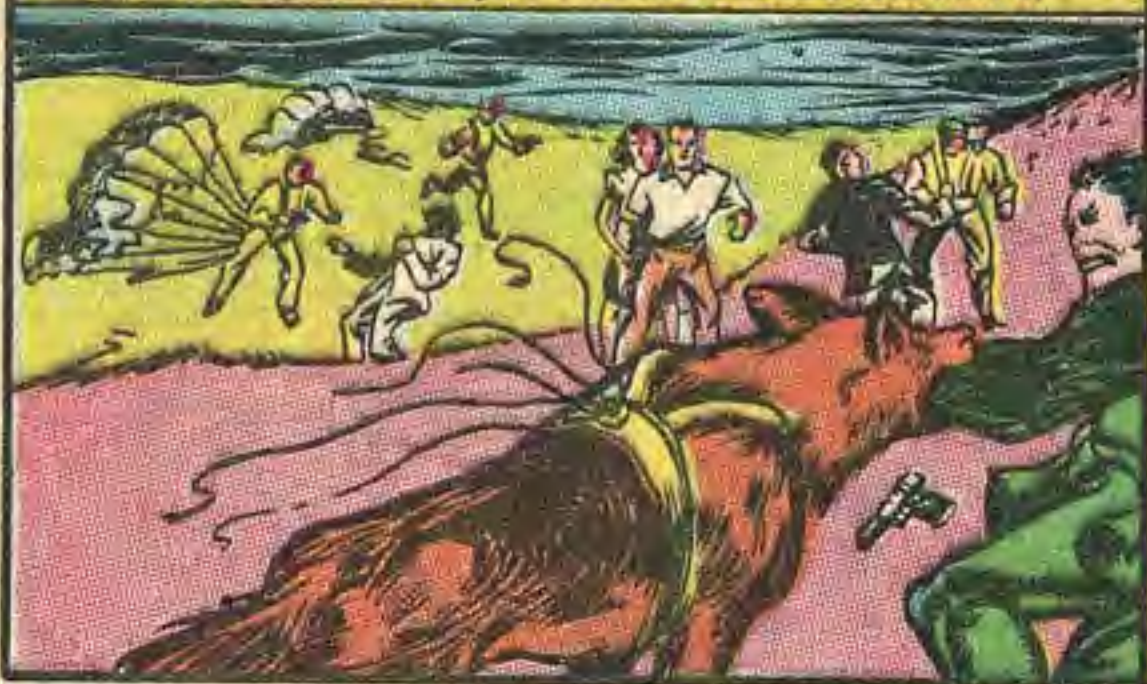
ONE BY ONE THE GANGSTERS RISE AND PITCH INTO THE BATTLE, SPEED AND SALLY ARE OUTNUMBERED.



BUT JUST AT THAT MOMENT, A POLICE PLANE APPEARS OVERHEAD. UNABLE TO LAND ON THE ISLAND, RANG AND THE COPS RESORT TO PARACHUTES. RANG LEAPS OUT INTO SPACE AND PULLS THE RIPCORD, RELEASING HIS OWN 'CHUTE!



AS THE POLICE BATTLE THE THUGS, THE GANGSTER CHIEF TRIES TO SHOOT SPEED, BUT RANG GRABS HIS ARM.



THOROUGHLY SUBDUED, THE BANDITS ARE HANDCUFFED. THEY ARE LINED UP, AWAITING THE POLICE BOAT.



GREAT JOB, SPEED!

RANG-A-TANG DESERVES ALL THE CREDIT, CAPTAIN!



...AND SO THROUGH THE COURAGE, STRENGTH AND INTELLIGENCE OF RANG-A-TANG, THE BANK BANDITS ARE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE. WATCH FOR ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE FEATURING THE WONDER DOG IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS



MYSTERY *THRILLER* OF THE MONTH.

Featuring

STUART LOGAN

STUART LOGAN - SOCIETY DETECTIVE - IS A WEALTHY, NONCHALANT BUT INTENSELY BRILLIANT AMATEUR SLEUTH. WHEN A CASE TURNS UP WHICH IS TOO DEEP FOR THE LOCAL POLICE, DISTRICT ATTORNEY GEORGE MARKWELL USUALLY ENLISTS THE AID OF THE SOCIETY DETECTIVE.




WHY CAN'T THEY CALL ME WHEN I'M AT MY OFFICE?

NIGHT HAS FALLEN, WHEN THE TELEPHONE RINGS AT THE HOME OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY GEORGE MARKWELL.



YES SIR - A DREADFUL MURDER HERE. PLEASE HELP US!

AND OVER THE WIRE COMES THE EXCITED VOICE OF PARKINS BLYTHE LORRAINE'S BUTLER.



IT'S AT THE HOME OF BLYTHE LORRAINE, SERGEANT KEITH. GET GOING!

O.K., CAP - THE KILLER'S PRACTICALLY IN THE JUG ALREADY.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARKWELL NOTIFIES THE HOMICIDE SQUAD, AND THEN...



I DON'T WANT TO IMPOSE ON YOU, LOGAN, BUT I KNOW HOW VALUABLE YOU CAN BE.

NOT AT ALL, OLD MAN. I NEED EXCITEMENT. WHAT'S THE ADDRESS?

...CALLS IN A FRIEND, STUART LOGAN, THE BRILLIANT DETECTIVE.



I'M HERE TO LOOK INTO THIS MURDER BUSINESS - OH, YOU HERE MR. LOGAN?

GOOD EVENING, SERGEANT KEITH! LEAD ON.

THE TWO INVESTIGATORS MEET AT THE DOOR OF BLYTHE LORRAINE'S TWO FLOOR APARTMENT.

PARKINS, THE BUTLER, EXPLAINS.

SEE, GENTLEMEN-
HE MUST HAVE DIED
INSTANTLY. HE'S
DESMOND SKAGG,
THE POLITICAL BOSS.



THIS SWORD WENT CLEAR
THROUGH HIM-FLESH AND
BONES BOTH.

A POWERFUL
BLOW, EH? WHO
ELSE WAS HERE?



MYSELF AND MR. SALUSTA.
HE AND MR. DESMOND
WERE HERE TO HAVE
DINNER.



YES-AND BLYTHE
WAS THE ONE WHO
FOUND MR. SKAGG
DEAD.

BLYTHE LORRAINE
AND HER GENTLE-
MAN FRIEND
ENTER...

ALL DOORS LOCKED INSIDE-
THESE WINDOWS LOOK OUT ON
A SIX-STORY DROP-IT WAS AN
INSIDE JOB.



IT WASN'T I, SERGEANT,
AND SURELY NOT
BLYTHE.

SERGEANT KEITH MAKES A THOROUGH TOUR
THROUGH THE APARTMENT. MR. SALUSTA
IS WITH HIM.

IT HUNG HERE ON THE WALL, EH?
DUST INSIDE-THE BLADE MUST
HAVE BEEN REMOVED HOURS AGO.

NONE OF US
NOTICED.



LOGAN CHECKS ON THE SHEATH OF THE
MURDER WEAPON.

SERGEANT KEITH
QUESTIONS THE
BUTLER.

FIRST OFF WERE YOU
THREE THE ONLY ONES
PRESENT?

YES SIR. MR.
SKAGG HAD
A BIT OF A
HEADACHE.



THAT'S RIGHT, OFFICER-
HE SAT IN HERE FOR A
REST, WHEN I WENT TO
CALL HIM FOR DINNER,
HE WAS DEAD.



YOU WERE ENGAGED
TO MARRY SKAGG-
BUT YOU KIND OF
LIKE MR. SALUSTA
HERE, HUH?





DON'T TALK TO HER LIKE THAT, OR--!

CARLO SALUSTA TAKES OFFENSE AT KEITH'S REMARK AND STARTS FORWARD, FISTS CLENCHED. BUT THE TOUGH SERGEANT PUSHES HIM, SENDING SALUSTA REELING INTO A CHAIR.



THAT PROVES IT! YOU WANTED SKAGG OUT OF THE WAY, SO YOU COULD MARRY BLYTHE YOURSELF!



YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO PRY INTO OUR PRIVATE AFFAIRS!

WE CANNOT OVERLOOK ANYTHING IN A MURDER CASE. LISTEN--ALL OF YOU--

MEANWHILE, STUART LOGAN HAS BEEN GOING THROUGH THE CONTENTS OF A DESK IN A ROOM. HE HAS DISCOVERED A PAPER.



THIS IS A WILL. SKAGG LEFT ALL HIS MONEY TO MISS LORRAINE.

YEAH--SALUSTA WOULD GET HER AND SKAGG'S MONEY, TOO!



HAVING ESTABLISHED A MOTIVE FOR THE MURDER OF DESMOND SKAGG, STUART LOGAN QUESTIONS BLYTHE, SALUSTA AND PARKINS AS TO THEIR WHEREABOUTS DURING THE COURSE OF THE EVENING.

I WAS IN MY BED-ROOM UPSTAIRS ABOVE THIS ROOM.



I WAS IN THE KITCHEN.



HOW DO WE KNOW THAT PARKINS WAS IN THE KITCHEN? MAYBE HE'S LYING!

SUDDENLY, SALUSTA TRIES TO TAKE A HAND IN THE INVESTIGATION.



HE'S TRYING TO ACCUSE ME TO COVER UP HIS OWN GUILT!

SEE--HIS ANGER BETRAYS HIM!

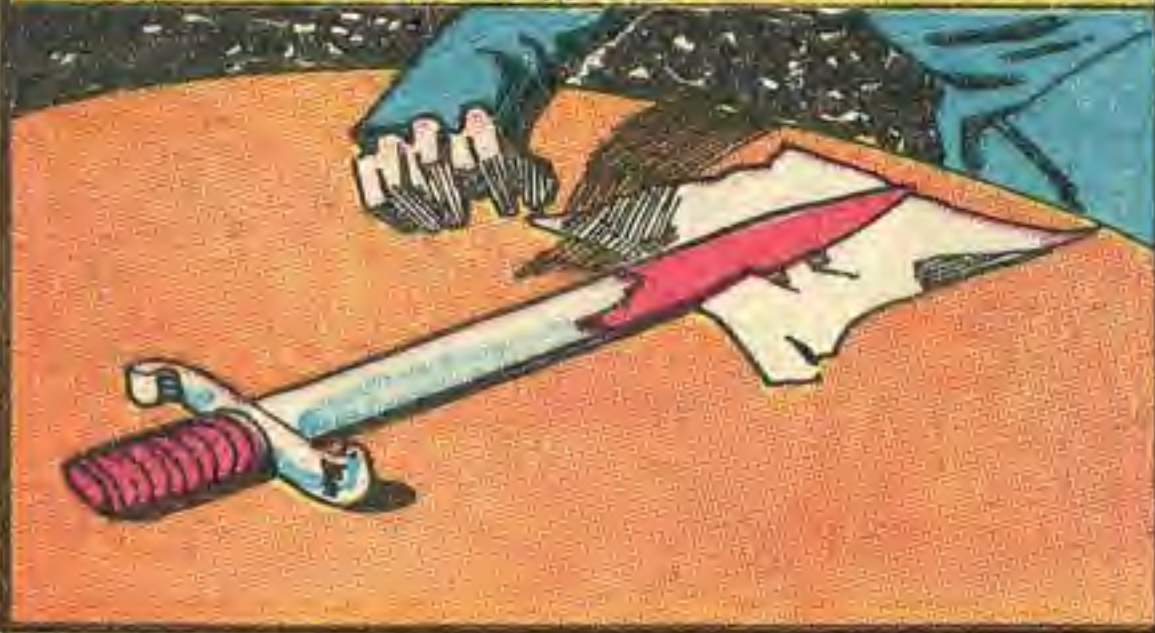
PARKINS FURIOUSLY MAKES AN ACCUSATION IN REPLY!



TAKE THAT, YOU SNEAKING STOOL PIGEON!

PARKINS! STOP!

STAGGERING BACKWARD, THE MADDENED SALUSTA CLUTCHES THE MURDER WEAPON WHICH SERGEANT KEITH HAD PLACED ON A TABLE.



COME ON, YOU COWARD!



FOR A MOMENT, THINGS LOOKED DESPERATE AS SALUSTA RUSHED TOWARD PARKIN - SWORD IN HAND.

BUT BEFORE THE INFURIATED SALUSTA COULD DO ANY DAMAGE, STUART LOGAN HAD LEAPED FORWARD AND GRABBED HIM IN A VICE-LIKE ARMLOCK. SERGEANT KEITH, MOVING RAPIDLY DESPITE HIS HUGE BULK, HAD MEANWHILE SUBDUED PARKINS.

TAKE IT EASY, SALUSTA!



CUT IT OUT, PARKINS - OR I'LL SMACK YOU!

SEE, HE CAN HANDLE THAT SWORD!



ANYBODY EXCEPT MISS BLYTHE COULD HANDLE IT.

THANK YOU, SERGEANT - YOU'RE SWEET.



HAVING SEPARATED PARKINS AND SALUSTA -

NOBODY EVER SAID THAT TO ME BEFORE.

NEVER MIND THE GALLANTRY, SERGEANT. ARE YOU STILL SURE THAT SALUSTA IS GUILTY?



-THE ROUTINE INVESTIGATION PROCEEDS.

SURE ENOUGH TO ARREST HIM. I'M GOING TO CALL THE WAGON!



LOOK SERGEANT! THESE BLOOD STAINS LEAD FROM THE BACK - NOT THE FRONT - OF THIS CHAIR TO THE CENTER OF THE ROOM. HE COULDN'T HAVE STAGGERED TO THE CHAIR AFTER HE WAS STABBED OR THE TRAIL WOULD LEAD TO THE FRONT.



BUT STUART LOGAN'S KEEN EYES DETECTS A VITAL CLUE.

ANYWAY, HE WAS STABBED RIGHT HERE, LOGAN.

RIGHT SERGEANT—JUST BENEATH THIS ROUND PLATE IN THE CEILING.

THAT PLATE WAS FASTENED WITH TWO SCREWS—OVER A HOLE WHERE A LIGHT FIXTURE USED TO BE.

LOGAN'S ATTENTION IS SUDDENLY ATTRACTED UPWARD.

STUART LOGAN, PUSHING THE PLATE WITH HIS CANE, DISCLOSES THAT ONLY ONE SCREW IS IN PLACE—AND THAT THE PLATE CAN BE MOVED FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

REALIZING THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS DISCOVERY, THE SOCIETY DETECTIVE RUSHES FROM THE ROOM AND STARTS TO ASCEND THE STAIRCASE TO BLYTHE LORRAINE'S ROOM. BLYTHE RUNS FORWARD TO HALT HIM.

OH THEN YOU ADMIT IT WITHOUT MY SEARCH?

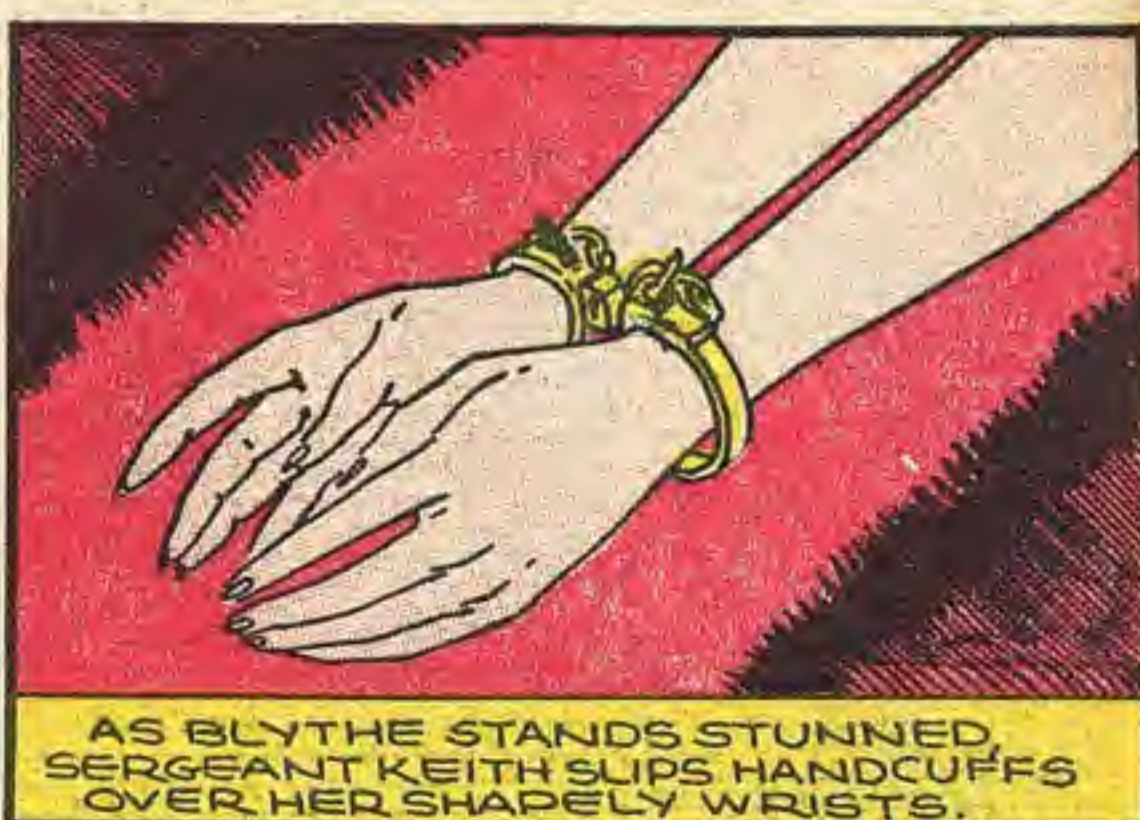
ADMIT—WHAT?

THE DETECTIVE RETURNS TO THE OTHERS WITH MISS LORRAINE AND EXPLAINS HIS CONCLUSIONS.

THIS LADY MUST HAVE WANTED TO KILL HER FIANCE FOR THE MONEY HE WOULD LEAVE. SHE PLANNED IT WELL. WHEN HIS HEAD—ACHE CAME ON, SHE PUT HIM IN THE CHAIR IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM...

...THEN UPSTAIRS, SHE PULLED A LOOSE BOARD SHIFTED THE CEILING PLATE—DROPPED THE SWORD—AND SKAGG WAS KILLED INSTANTLY!

...SHE CAME DOWN AND PUSHED THE CHAIR FORWARD, SO AS TO TAKE THE CEILING PLATE OUT OF THE RECKONING.



STRANGE *but* TRUE



"LARRY" KELLY, FORMER YALE CAPTAIN AND ALL-AMERICA END, RECENTLY STARTLED THE SPORTS WORLD WITH THE STATEMENT, "COACHES ARE MORE INTERESTED IN WINNING THAN IN SAFEGUARDING THEIR BOYS"



IN THE COURSE OF A YEAR, THE NEWSPAPERS BOUGHT BY AMERICANS WEIGH 57 LBS. PER CAPITA.

BOB WOOD



"ELEKTRO"



ACCURATE DAILY MEASUREMENTS OVER A PERIOD OF YEARS SHOW THAT WHISKER GROWTH IS FASTER IN THE SUMMERTIME THAN IN WINTER.

MARVEL OF THE MACHINE AGE!

WESTINGHOUSE'S 260 POUND ROBOT AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR, WHO PERFORMS 36 TRICKS—HE WALKS, TALKS, SMOKES, SINGS, DISTINGUISHES COLORS AND KNOWS HIS ARITHMETIC—ELEKTRO'S ANATOMY CONSISTS OF 900 MECHANICAL PARTS, WHILE 11 MOTORS GIVE HIM HIS ENERGY.

ASKIT CORNER!

RIGHTERWRONG?

'AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP YOU ARE SLIGHTLY TALLER THAN BEFORE.' —



ANSWER:—

AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP, BOTH CHILDREN AND ADULTS ARE SLIGHTLY TALLER THAN WHEN THEY WENT TO BED — STATEMENT IS TRUE !!!

THE SILVER FOX

CRIM
DETEC



THE ACE DETECTIVE, KNOWN AS THE SILVER FOX BECAUSE OF A STREAK OF WHITE HAIR DOWN THE CENTER OF HIS HEAD, DECIDES THAT BASTON'S DEATH WAS NOT SUICIDE - BUT MURDER! HOWEVER, THE FOX MUST PROVE HIS POINT IN ORDER TO CONVICT THE MURDERER.

MR. BASTON IS FOUND DEAD IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE SALOON HE OWNED JOINTLY WITH MR. RIGGS. THE SILVER FOX ARRIVES ON THE SCENE.



YOU SAY HE THREATENED SUICIDE?

YES, HE HAD BEEN DOWN IN SPIRIT FOR SOME TIME!



THE SILVER FOX QUESTIONS RIGGS, BASTON'S PARTNER...

...AND BASTON'S GIRL FRIEND.

YES, WE WERE ENGAGED. I COULD NEVER FIGURE WHY HE WAS SO DESPONDENT!

H'MM!



IT'S SUICIDE, ALL RIGHT! I'LL TAKE THE GUN ALONG, THOUGH. WE'LL MARK THE CASE CLOSED!



DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING TILL THE CORONER COMES. ROUTINE, YOU KNOW!



H'MM... A NEW TRUNK. SOMEONE IS CONTEMPLATING A TRIP!



THE SILVER FOX DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE ON THE SLY.

IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT MR BASTON. HE WAS SO NICE TO US KIDS! HE ALWAYS PLAYED WITH US!

IN THE STREET THE FOX ENCOUNTERS A BOY AND A GIRL

ONLY THIS AFTERNOON HE PLAYED WITH THEM FOR HOURS - LAUGHING - AND HE WAS SO JOLLY - TOO BAD

THE SILVER FOX INQUIRES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

THE SILVER FOX RUSHES TO HEADQUARTERS

FUNNY WAY FOR A DESPONDENT MAN TO ACT

GET ME A PICTURE OF THE FLOOR OF THE BACK ROOM I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN THERE!

HE SENDS THE POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

JOE, SEE IF THERE ARE ANY FINGERPRINTS ON THIS GUN!

SURE THING, FOX!

IN THE POLICE LABORATORY

WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?

OH, JUST A MATTER OF RECORD! NOTHING IMPORTANT!

THEN BACK TO THE SCENE

SAY, THAT'S AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF A VASE I HAVE HOME! WANT TO SELL IT?

HERE, TAKE IT WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!

THAT'S VERY NICE OF YOU THANKS MR RIGGS

TO GET RIGGS' FINGERPRINTS, THE SILVER FOX RESORTS TO A RUSE



THE SILVER FOX OVERHEARS THE CONVERSATION.

ALL SET,
HONEY!

THAT'S FINE,
SWEETHEART!

WELL, THERE'S
THE MOTIVE!
RIGGS WANTED
TO SELL THE
SALOON AND
ELOPE WITH
HIS PARTNER'S
GIRL FRIEND!

BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, THE FOX SPEAKS TO THE CHIEF.

HAVE A MAN
THERE TO PICK
UP THE DRIVER-
HE'S TO CALL
AT SIX O'CLOCK!

OKAY, FOX!

AT SIX THE NEXT MORNING, THE SILVER FOX
AND AN OFFICER MEET THE DRIVER.

I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUDDY.
WE'RE JUST BORROWING
YOUR CLOTHES AND
YOUR CAB!

FOX, DISGUISED AS THE CAB DRIVER, RINGS THE BELL.

IT'S THE CAB!
LET'S GO!

ALL RIGHT-DRIVE
STRAIGHT TO THE
BORDER LINE!

HONEY, WE'LL SOON BE
AWAY FROM IT ALL!

-AND AM I
GLAD!

THE CAB TURNS INTO THE YARD OF
POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

HEY, WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

THE COUPLE IS ORDERED OUT OF THE CAB BY THE COPS.

COME ON,
HURRY UP!

HEY, WHAT'S
THE BIG IDEA!

JUST WANT TO
ASK YOU A
FEW QUESTIONS!



FOX CROSS EXAMINES RIGGS AND THE GIRL.

NOW, IF YOU'LL JUST CONFESS.
IT'LL SAVE YOU A LOT OF TROUBLE!

I DIDN'T DO IT,
I TELL YOU!
IT'S A FRAME UP!



THE SILVER
FOX RE-
CONSTRUCTS
THE MOTIVE
AND THE
CRIME. THE
SILVER FOX
SPEAKS...

"YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH YOUR
PARTNER'S GIRL - YOU HAD A
CHANCE TO SELL OUT - AND DIDN'T
WANT TO COUNT HIM IN ON THE
DEAL..."



"- SO YOU SHOT HIM - JUST WHERE DOESN'T
MATTER FOR THE MOMENT - AND YOU DRAGGED
HIM TO THE BACK ROOM..."



"YOU DRAGGED THE BODY ALONG THE FLOOR -
WHICH IS PROVEN BY THE HEEL MARKS SHOWN
IN THE PHOTOGRAPH..."



"YOU PLACED THE GUN IN HIS HAND - YOUR
FINGERPRINTS ARE ON IT - WE MATCHED THEM
WITH THE PRINTS ON THE VASE YOU HANDED
ME, REMEMBER?"



POINTING AN ACCUSING FINGER AT RIGGS, FOX SAYS:

-AND YOU SEE IT WAS YOUR BIGGEST
MISTAKE THAT PROVED IT WAS MURDER!

WHAT
DID I DO?



IF HE HAD FALLEN ON THAT
TABLE THE BOTTLE WOULDN'T
HAVE REMAINED STANDING
THERE! YOU'RE GUILTY,
RIGGS!



THE SILVER FOX SOLVES ANOTHER BAFFLING
MYSTERY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON
COMICS. DON'T MISS IT!

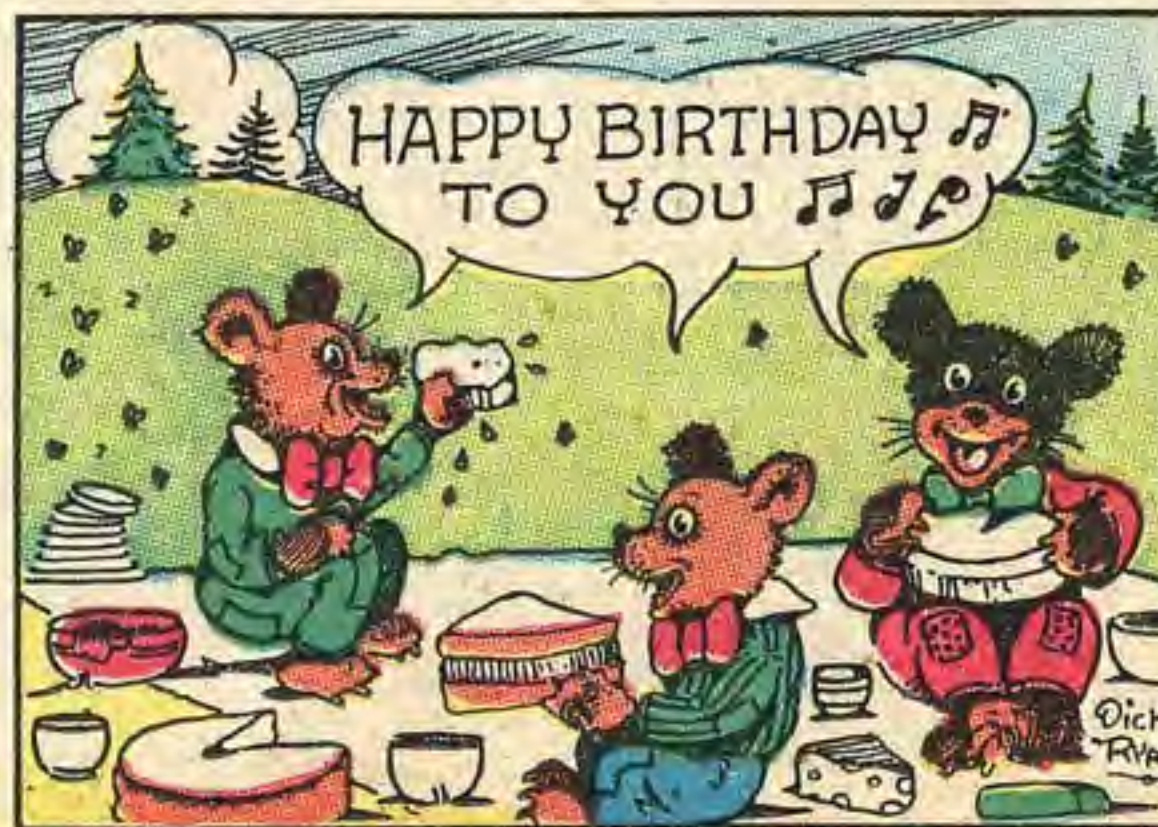
SUGAR, HONEY and HUGGIN'

IT'S A
BARREL
OF FUN

SH-H-H!

CUBVILLE
CENTER





Scoop

"ACE"
REPORTER

THE STORY OF THE FAMOUS
POPE DIAMOND ROBBERY...

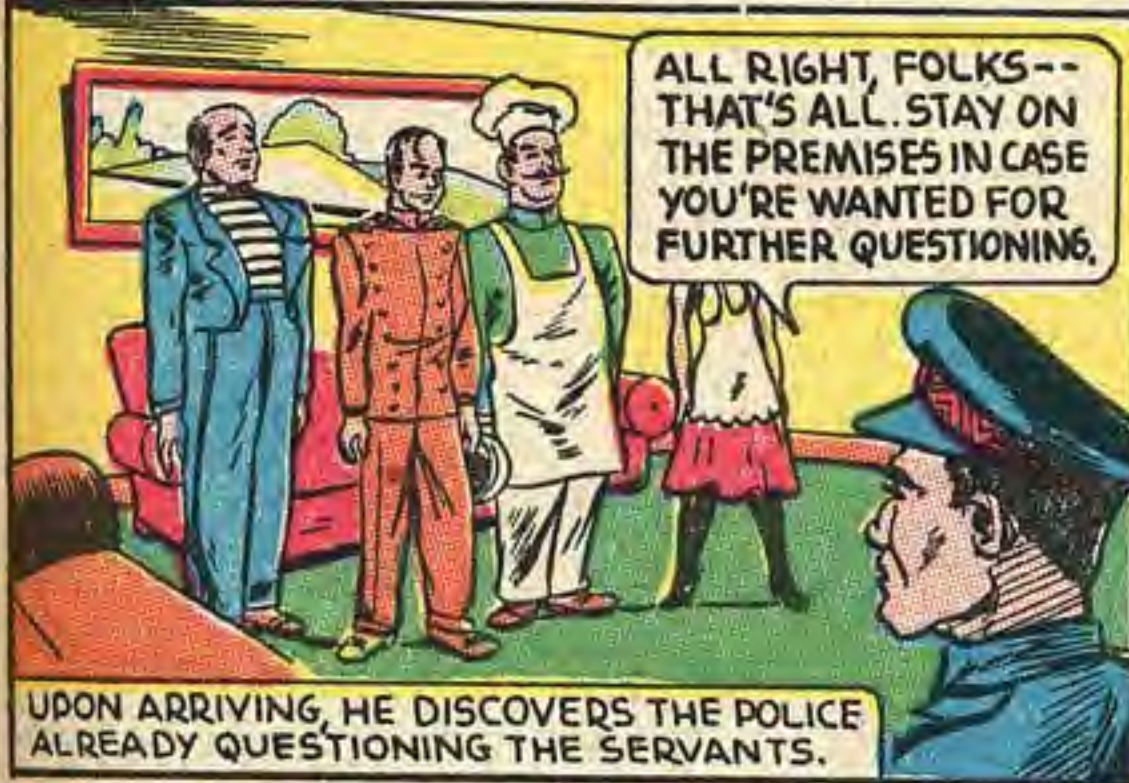


HEADQUARTERS REPORTS
THAT THE FAMOUS POPE DIAMOND
WAS STOLEN. I'M ASSIGNING YOU
TO THE STORY, SCOOP.

OKAY
CHIEF!



SCOOP STARTS FOR THE HOME OF MRS. LANCELOT
VAN METER, WHO OWNS THE POPE DIAMOND



ALL RIGHT, FOLKS--
THAT'S ALL. STAY ON
THE PREMISES IN CASE
YOU'RE WANTED FOR
FURTHER QUESTIONING.

UPON ARRIVING, HE DISCOVERS THE POLICE
ALREADY QUESTIONING THE SERVANTS.



WE CAN USE
YOUR HELP ON
THIS CASE. YOU
ARE NOW A
DEPUTY!

THANK YOU,
CAPTAIN,
I'LL DO MY
BEST!

THE POLICE ENLIST THE AID OF SCOOP CODY.



I'LL HAVE TO
QUESTION YOUR
WEEK-END GUESTS,
MRS. VAN METER.

DON'T BE AB-
SURD. THEY'RE
ABOVE REPROACH.

SCOOP BEGINS HIS
INVESTIGATION AT ONCE.



WELL, WE GOT
THE NAMES
OF HER GUESTS.
WHO'S FIRST?

COUNT DI SAVOIA--
I'M SUSPICIOUS
OF COUNTS.

OFF HE GOES TO QUESTION
THE WEEK-END GUESTS.



INTERNATIONAL
JEWEL THIEF
ARRESTED IN PARIS.
JUNE 14, PARIS.



THAT'S STRANGE!
IT SAYS THAT HE'S
ALWAYS CHEWING
GUM—BUT HE WASN'T
WHEN I CALLED ON
HIM TODAY—



FOOLS / WHY
DID YOU
COME HERE?

WE WANNA SEE
THE ROCK—
YOU AINT TAKIN'
A POWDER ON US!



SUSPICIOUS OF THE COUNT'S ACTIONS, HIS HENCHMEN
TRAIL HIM TO HIS HOTEL ROOM.

YOU FAITH-
LESS RATS!



WHEN THE COUNT
REFUSES TO SHOW
THEM THE GEM,
THE GANGSTERS
DRAW THEIR GUNS,
BUT....

THE COUNT GRABS
A CHAIR AND
CRASHES IT OVER
THE HEADS OF THE
MOBSTERS.



NOW, YOU RATS—
GET OUT
AND DON'T
COME BACK!



YES, DARLING—
WE'RE TAKING
AN OCEAN
VOYAGE --

A TRIP
ABROAD?
OH, HOW
WONDERFUL!



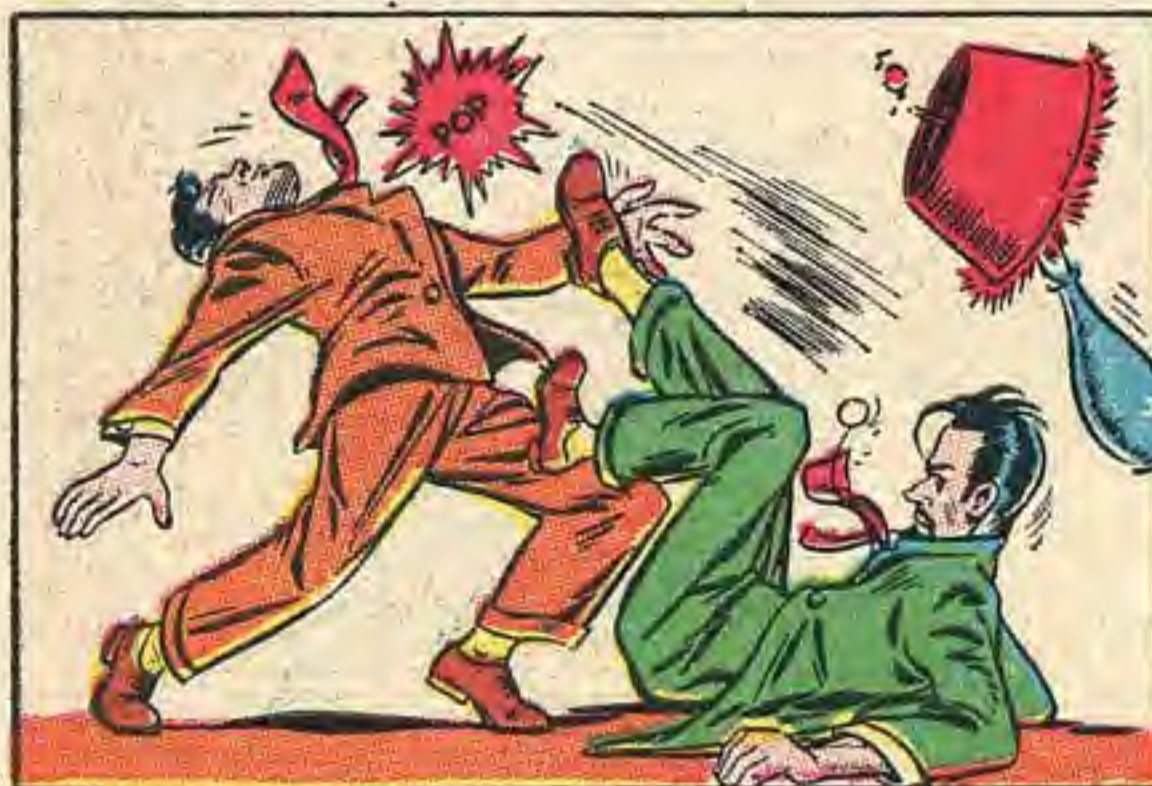
THE COUNT TELEPHONES
TO HIS SWEETHEART.

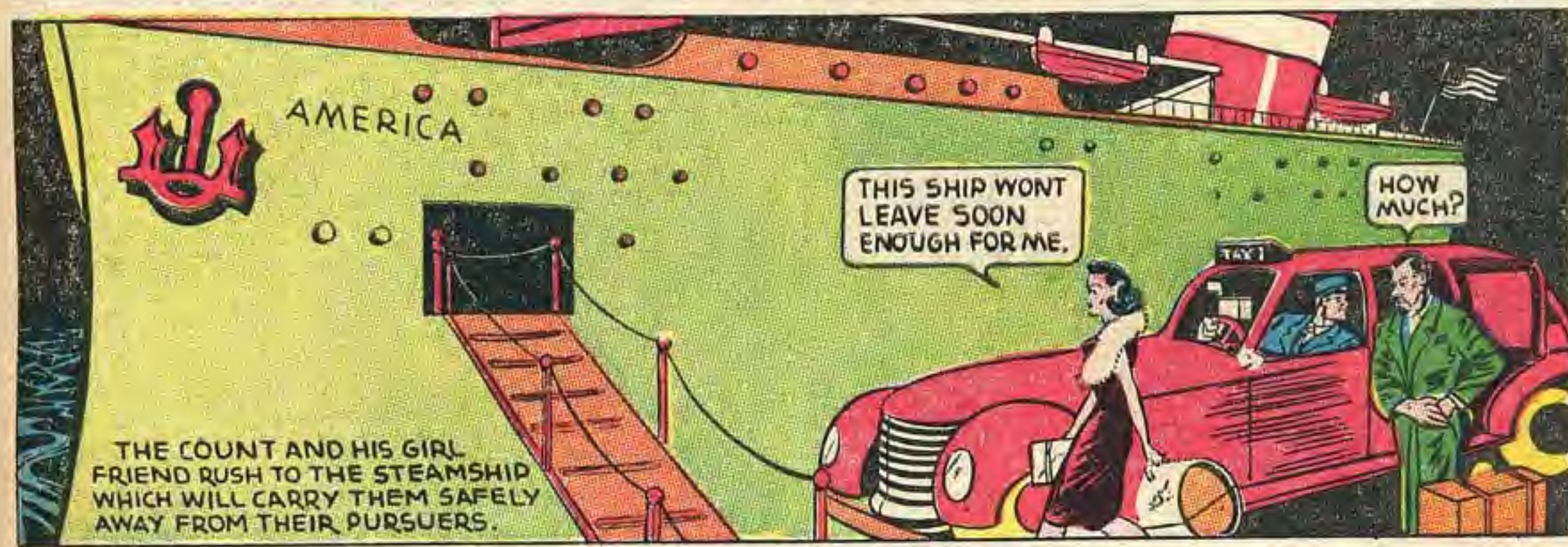
WHERE'S
THE ROCK?

YEAH GERTIE,
GET IT UP!
AND SNAPPY,
TOO—



SUSPECTING THAT THE COUNT HAS LEFT THE GEM
WITH HIS SWEETHEART, THE GANGSTERS PAY HER
A SURPRISE VISIT.





BUT WHILE THE GANGSTERS SEARCH HIS BAGGAGE, THE COUNT SLYLY REMOVES A WAD OF CHEWING GUM FROM HIS MOUTH WRAPS IT AROUND THE PRECIOUS GEM AND PRESSES IT AGAINST THE BACK OF THE GIRLS DRESS



NEVER, EH? WELL, YOU AIN'T SAILING WITH THAT ROCK-SEE?

NOT HAVING FOUND THE DIAMOND, A THUG SEARCHES THE COUNT



HONEST! I HAVEN'T GOT IT - UHG

WHERE IS IT, GERTIE? I'LL CHOKE YOU!



THE HONEYMOON'S OVER, FOLKS - GET 'EM UP!



AFTER BEING RELEASED BY THE MARVEL, SCOOP GETS A COP AND RUSHES TO THE SHIP!



SCOOP AND THE COP ARE OVERWHELMED!

IT'S THE MARVEL!



BUT THE MARVEL TRAILED SCOOP AND ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO EFFECT A RESCUE

HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE THE DIAMOND WAS HIDDEN?

SIMPLE - HE WASN'T CHEWING GUM THAT MEANS THAT THE GEM WAS STUCK SOMEPLACE IT WAS BY CHANCE THAT I SAW IT ON THE GIRLS BACK



GREAT STORY, SCOOP! WHO IS THE MARVEL?

I DON'T KNOW, CHIEF - BUT HE SURE IS DOISON TO THE UNDERWORLD!



WHO IS THE MARVEL? DON'T FAIL TO READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS

RED GRANGE

RED GRANGE

THE
GALLOPING
GHOST
OF THE
GRIDIRON



IN HIS GLORY, GRANGE TOTTED THE PIGSKIN 4,013 TIMES, SCORING 531 TOUCHDOWNS—A RECORD YET TO BE EQUALED...



"HERE HE COMES,
THERE HE GOES!"
THE FAMILIAR CRY
WHEN RED STARTED
DOWN THE FIELD ~

ALTHOUGH THE REDHEAD'S
ACTIVE DAYS ARE OVER,
COACHING AND BROADCASTING
KEEP THE IMMORTAL "77" IN
FOOTBALL'S SPOTLIGHT!

6 KASEN

Corporal COLLINS "INFANTRYMAN"

CORPORAL COLLINS, TWO-FISTED AMERICAN IN THE FRENCH INFANTRY SMASHES HIS WAY ALMOST SINGLE-HANDED TO ANOTHER VICTORY OVER THE ENEMY...

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

NO EXCITEMENT AROUND HERE—WISH SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN!

SUDDENLY A HOSTILE PLANE APPEARS OVERHEAD.

DIG IN, BOYS— IT'S AN ENEMY PLANE!

THE ENEMY PLANE SWOOPS DOWN AND RAKES THE INFANTRYMEN WITH MACHINE-GUN FIRE.

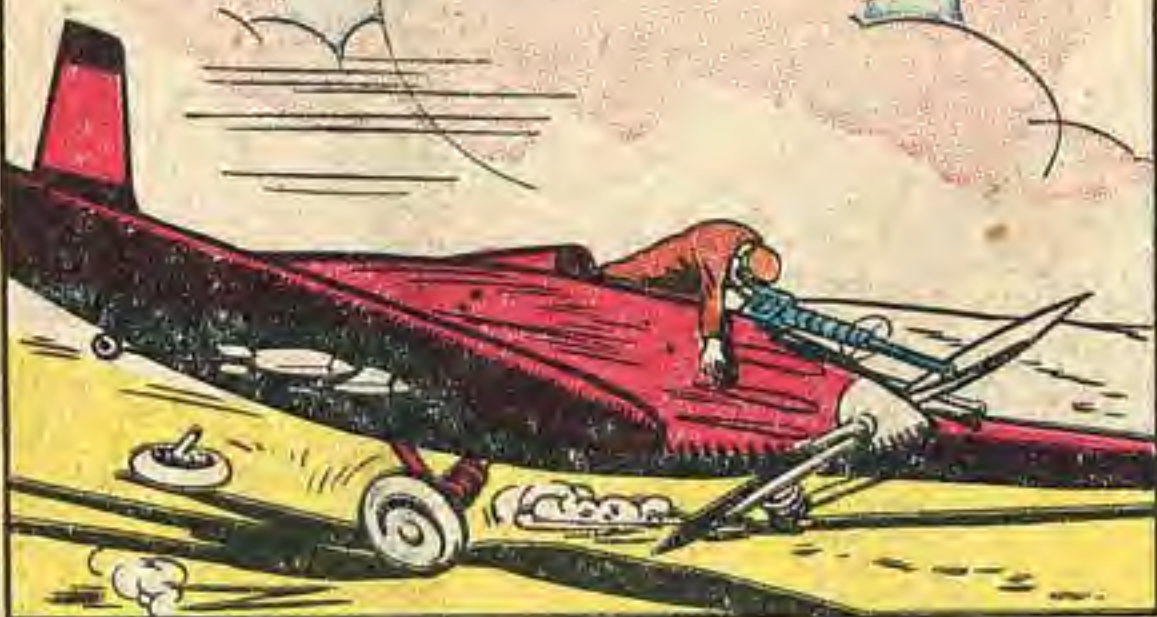
THE FRENCH SOLDIERS HASTILY SET UP A MACHINE-GUN.

CORPORAL COLLINS GOES INTO ACTION WITH HIS FAMOUS FABRI-STEEL FLEXIBLE REPELLER, AND RETURNS THE ENEMY'S FIRE.

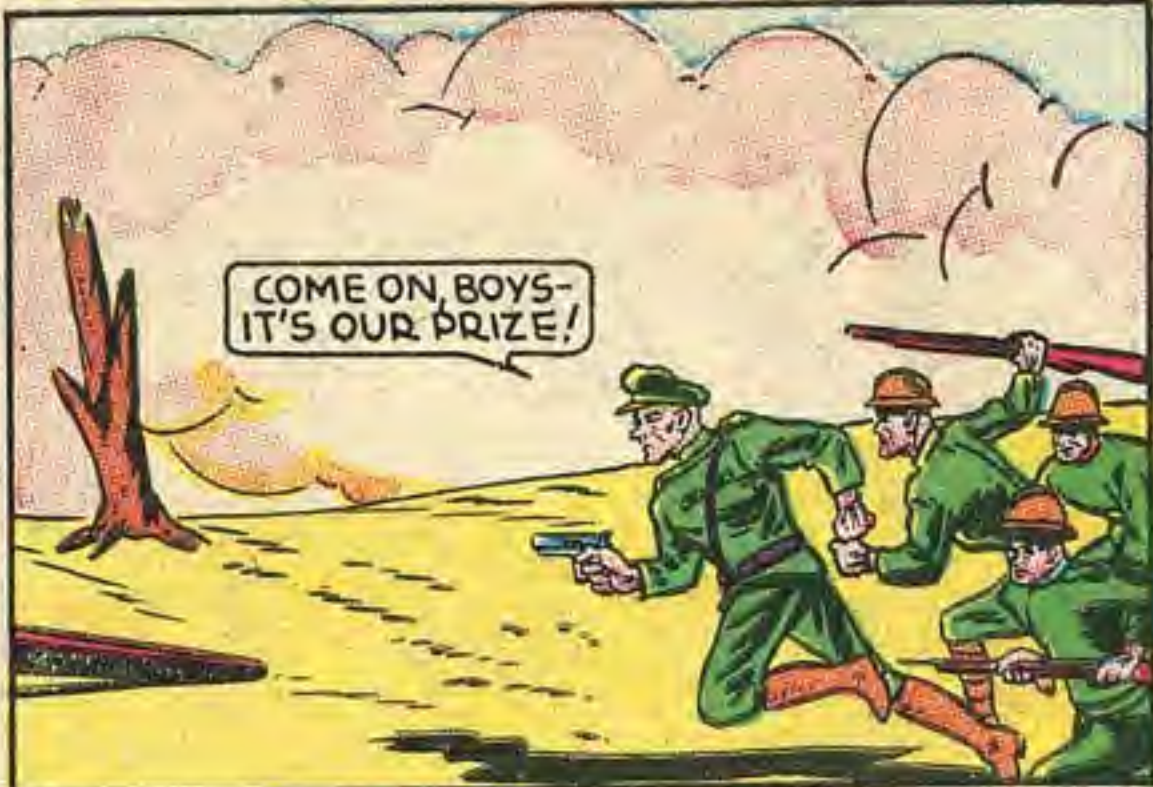
YOUR NAME'S ON THIS, BUDDY. RIGHT BACK AT YOU!

THE FABRI-STEEL FLEXIBLE REPELLER MAGNETIZES THE BULLETS AND RETURNS THEM WITH ADDED SPEED.

CORPORAL COLLINS' BULLETS FIND
THEIR MARK-THE WOUNDED AVIATOR
PANCAKES HIS SHIP TO EARTH.



COME ON, BOYS-
IT'S OUR PRIZE!



I GOT AN IDEA
SHE'LL STILL
GO-I'LL TRY IT!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS,
WHEN I KICK HER
OVER, START
RUNNING!



WITH ONE WHEEL OFF THE LANDING
GEAR, THE SOLDIERS LIFT THE PLANE
FOR A NOVEL TAKE-OFF!

SEE YOU LATER-

GOOD-HE
MADE IT!



THESE JERRIES
THINK I'M ONE
OF THEM.



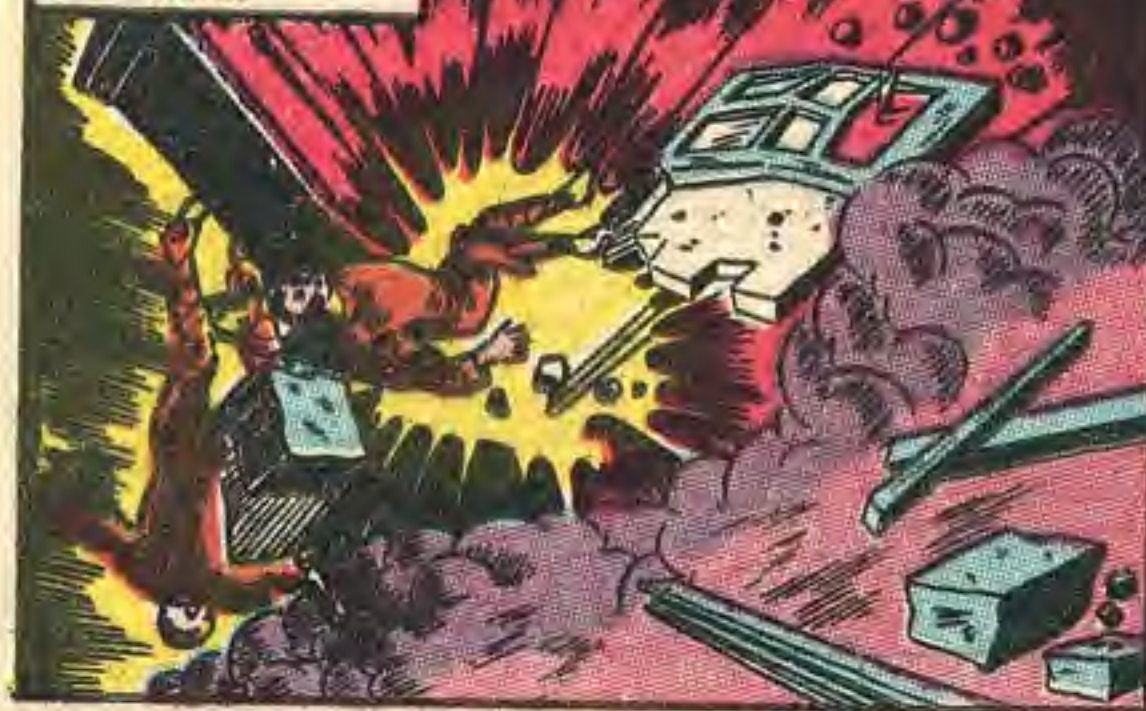
BOY-O-BOY!
A MUNITIONS
DUMP-WHAT
A TARGET!



THEY'LL
REMEMBER
THIS!



CORPORAL COLLINS
SCORES A DIRECT
HIT!

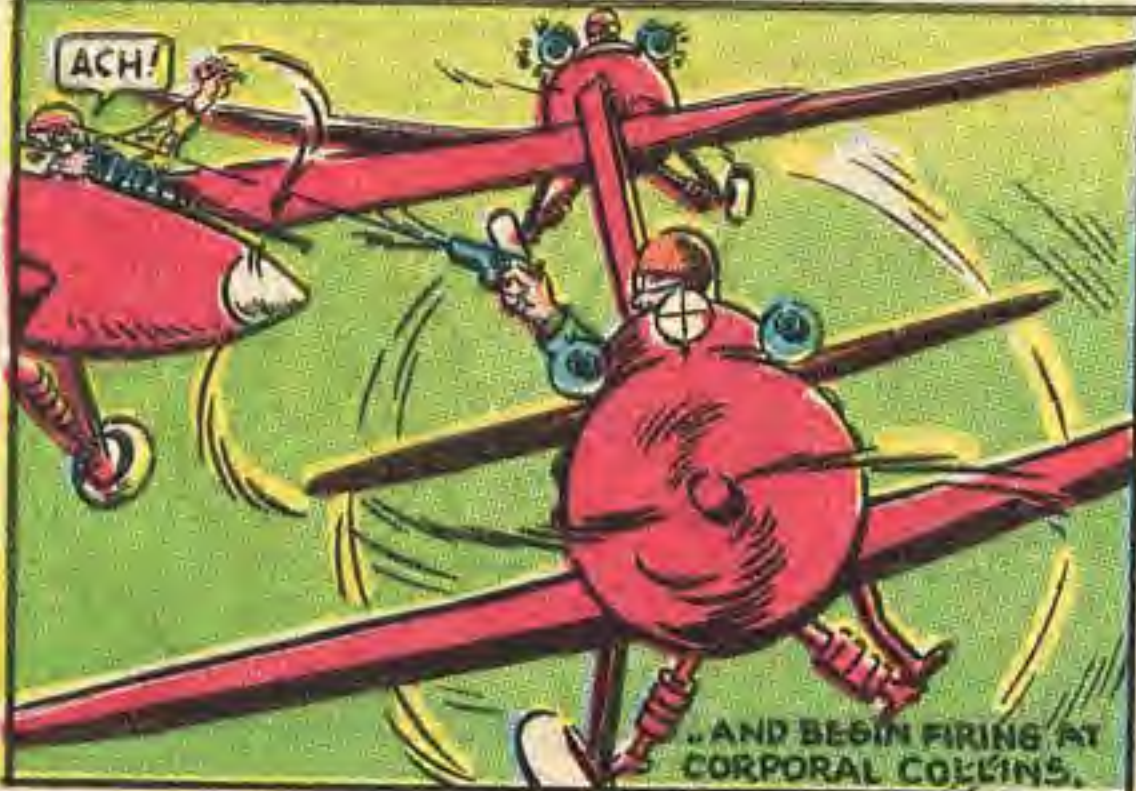


THEY'RE WISE
TO ME!



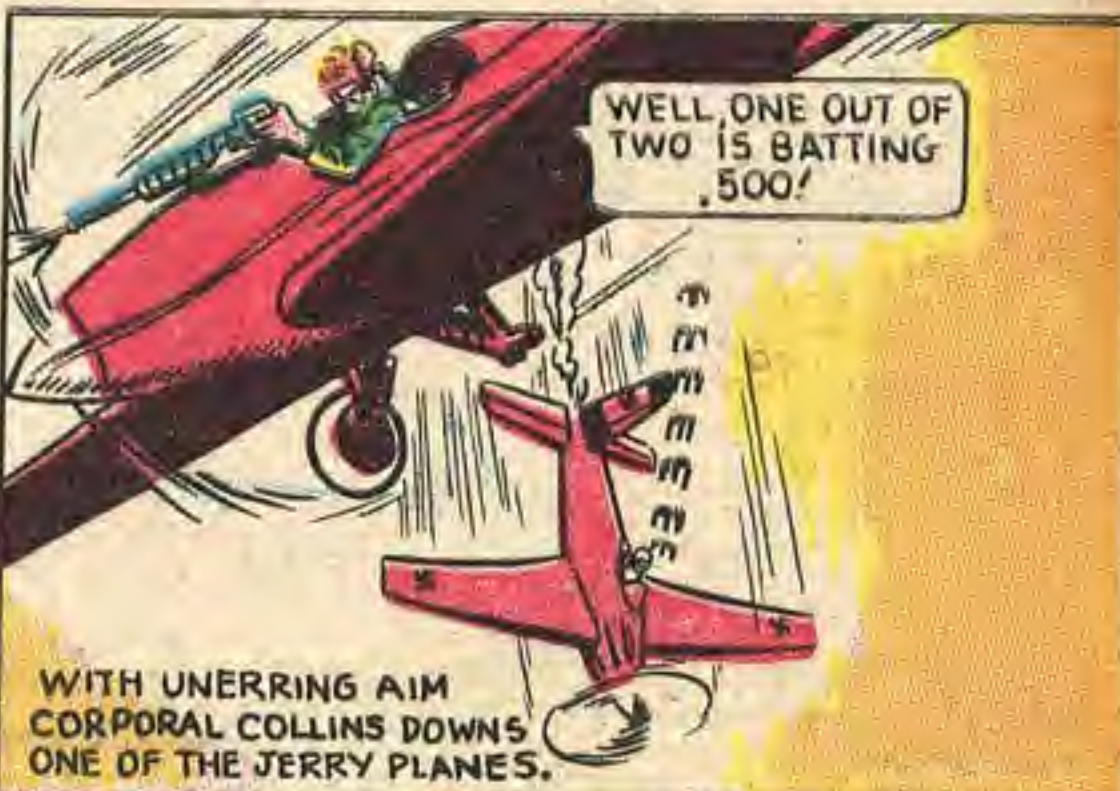
TWO ENEMY FLIERS
BECOME SUSPICIOUS.

ACH!



AND BEGIN FIRING AT
CORPORAL COLLINS.

WELL, ONE OUT OF
TWO IS BATTING
500!



WITH UNERRING AIM
CORPORAL COLLINS DOWNS
ONE OF THE JERRY PLANES.

I'M IN A FIX
NOW-I'M OUT
OF GAS



PUT PUT

AN ENEMY
BALLOON! I'VE
GOT AN IDEA!



HURLING CLEAR OF
THE PLANE, COLLINS LANDS
ON THE OBSERVATION BALLOON!

I MADE IT!



COME ON,
STAND UP
AND FIGHT!

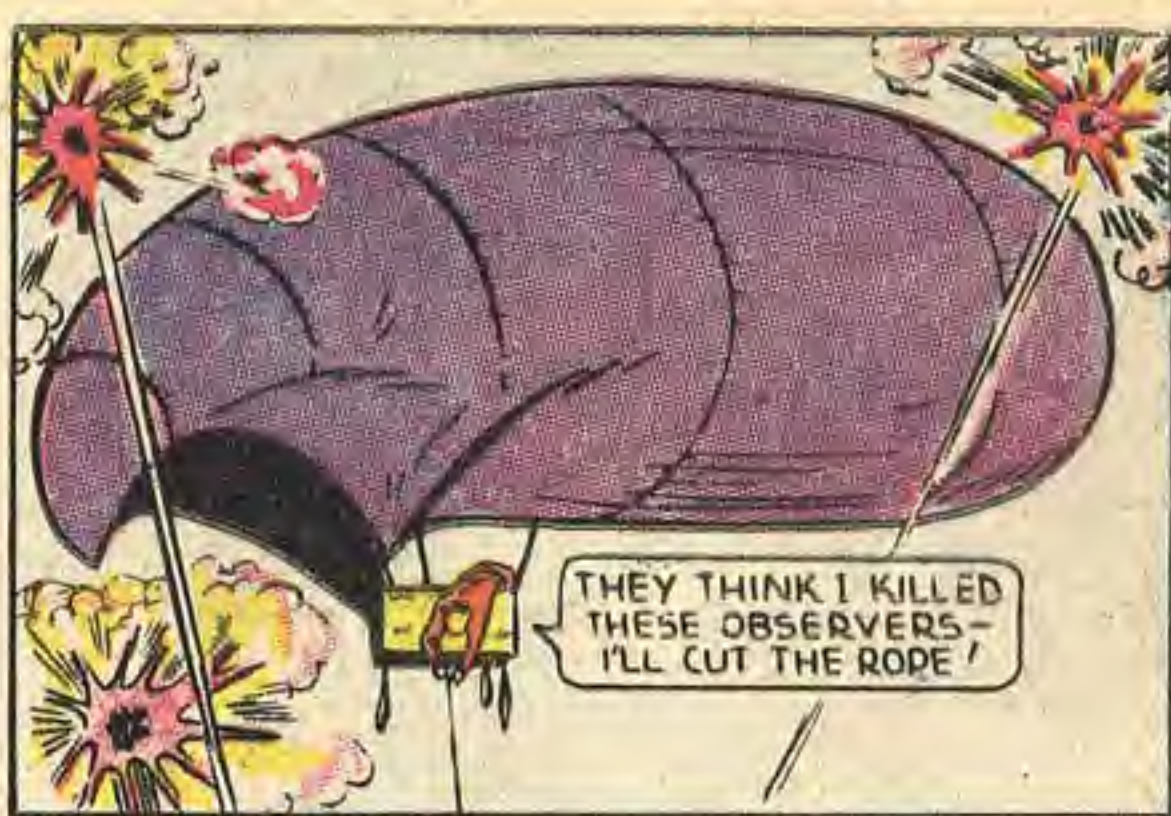
SOCK



CLIMBING DOWN THE BASKET,
CORPORAL COLLINS IS MET BY
A HAIL OF LEAD.



BUT WITH HIS CAPABLE YANKEE FISTS,
COLLINS DISARMS THE ENEMY OBSERVERS.



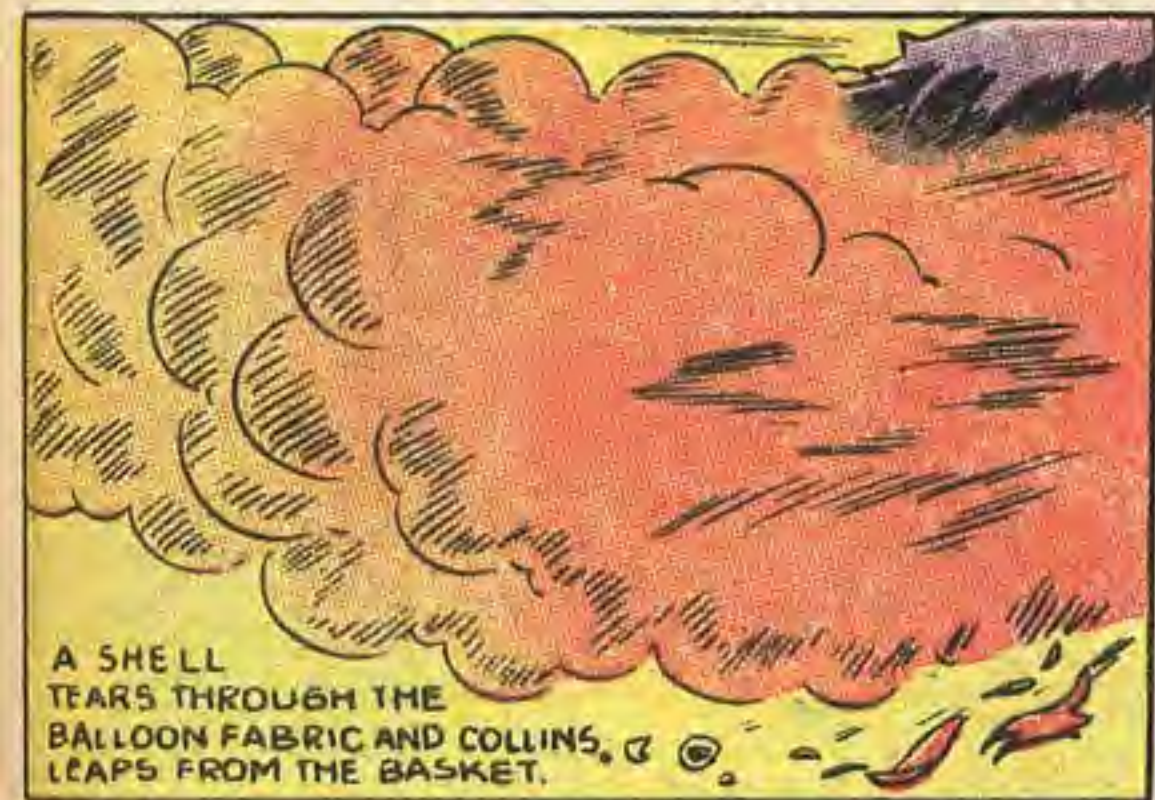
THEY THINK I KILLED
THESE OBSERVERS—
I'LL CUT THE ROPE!



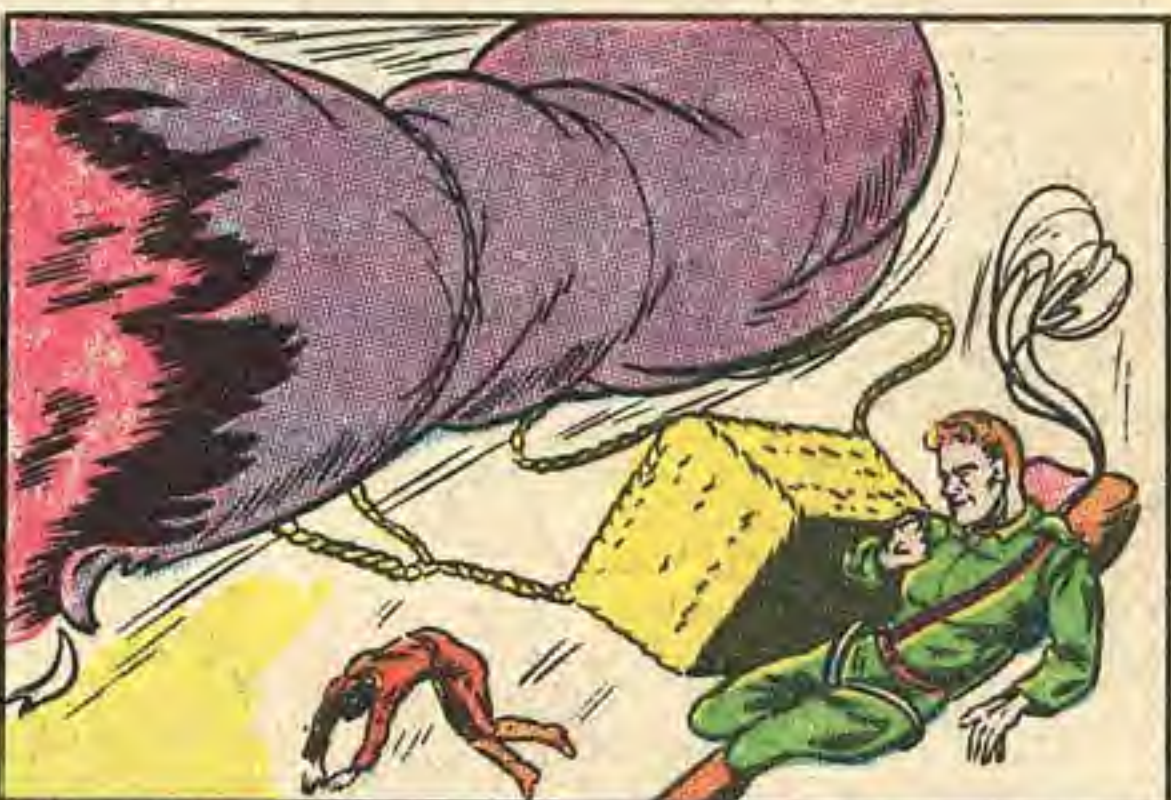
THE BATTLE IS SEEN BY THE ENEMY LAND FORCES,
AND WITH THEIR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS, OPEN FIRE ON
THE BALLOON.



I'LL TAKE THIS DATA AS
WELL AS THE PARACHUTE,
I MAY NEED IT



A SHELL
TEARS THROUGH THE
BALLOON FABRIC AND COLLINS,
LEAPS FROM THE BASKET.



WELL, IT WAS FUN
WHILE IT LASTED!

4



A SAFE LANDING, BUT
NOT A SAFE PLACE!

COLLINS HAS LANDED ATOP WALL
OF AN ENEMY PRISON CAMP



HOW NICE-A RECEPTION COMMITTEE-TSK,TSK-- WELL,HERE GOES-!



HIS GUN BELCHING FIRE, COLLINS LEADS TO MEET THE ENEMY.

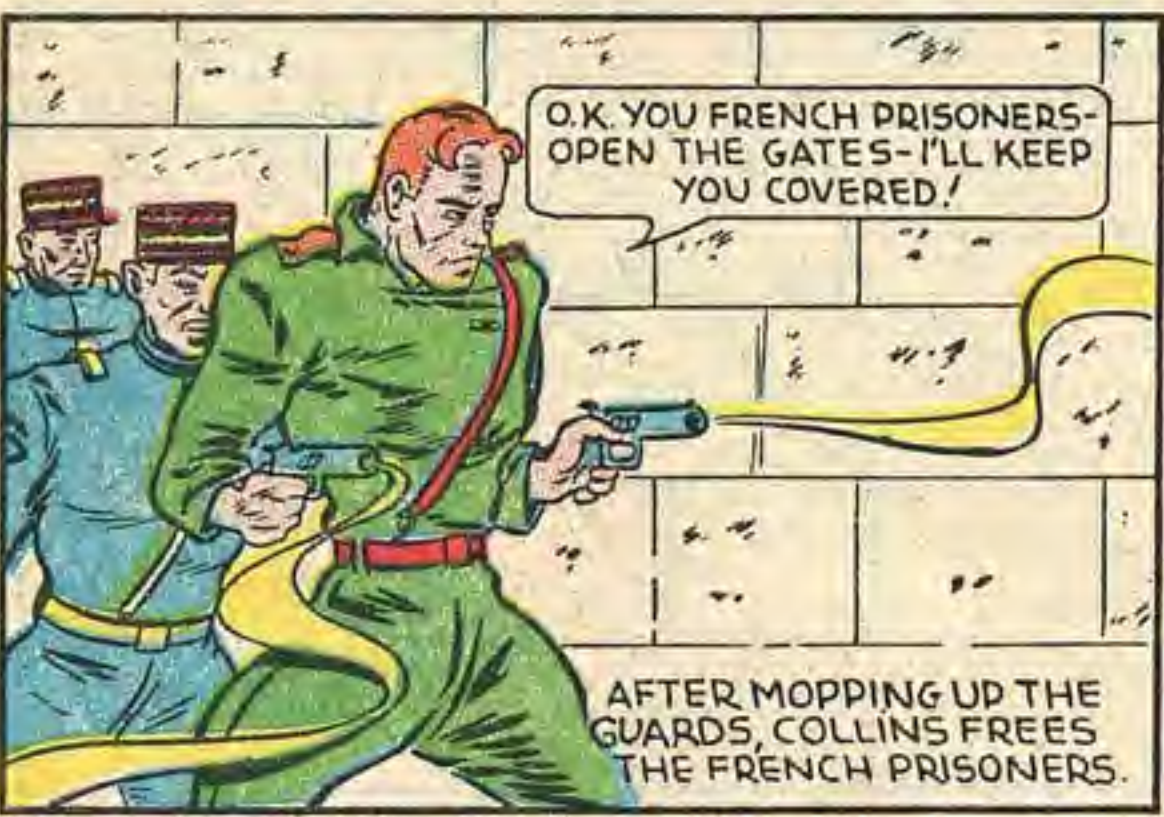
ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.



ACH!



YOU MAKE A GOOD SHIELD!



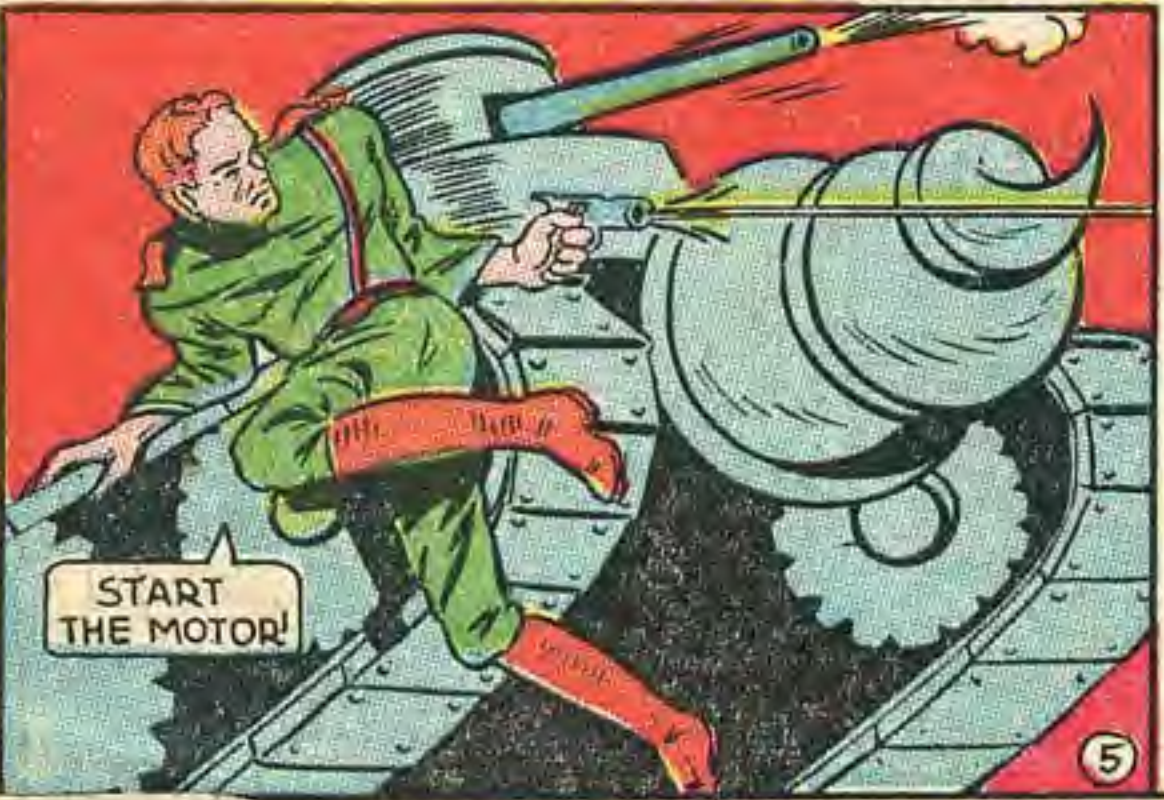
O.K. YOU FRENCH PRISONERS- OPEN THE GATES-I'LL KEEP YOU COVERED!

AFTER MOPPING UP THE GUARDS, COLLINS FREES THE FRENCH PRISONERS.



INTO THAT TANK BEFORE THEY SOUND THE ALARM!

MORE GUARDS OPEN FIRE, BUT CORPORAL COLLINS' SIXTH SENSE ENABLES HIM TO DUCK THE BULLETS.



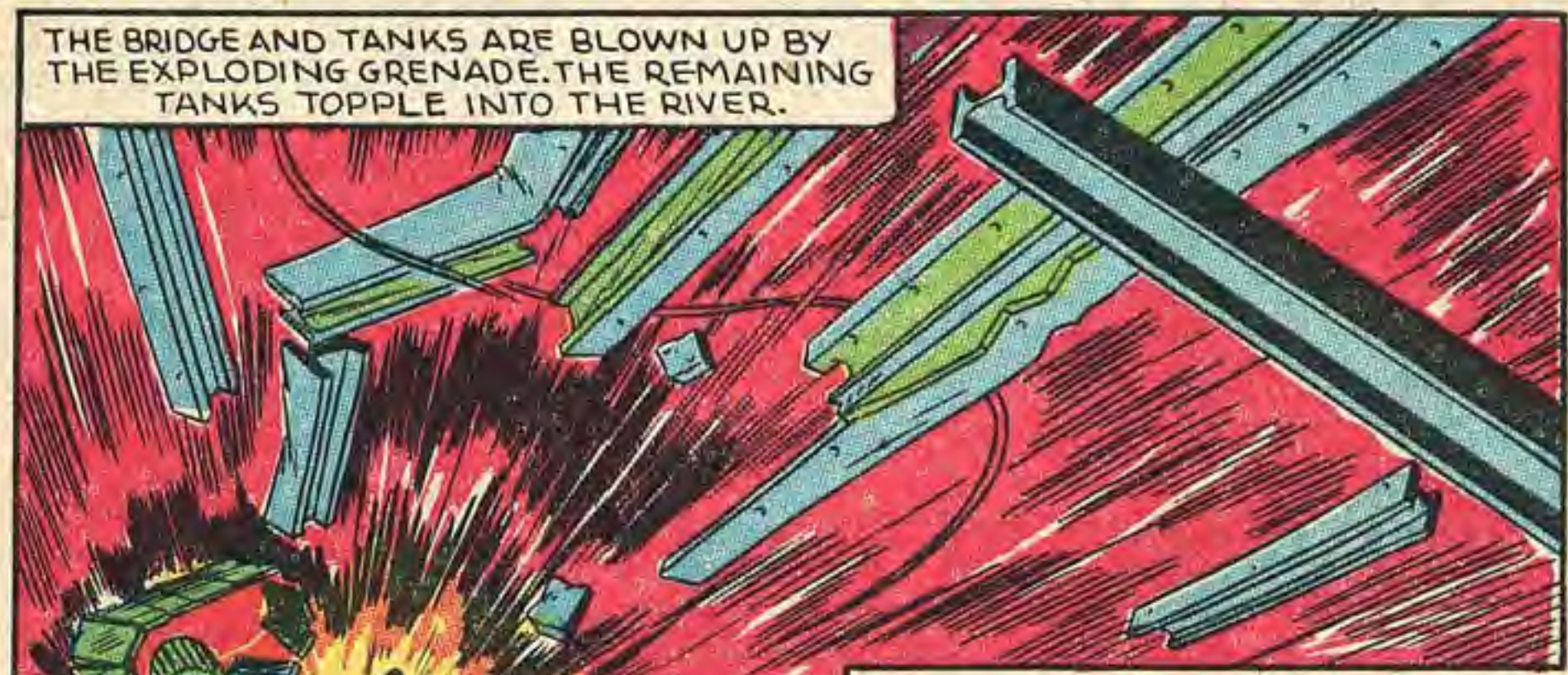
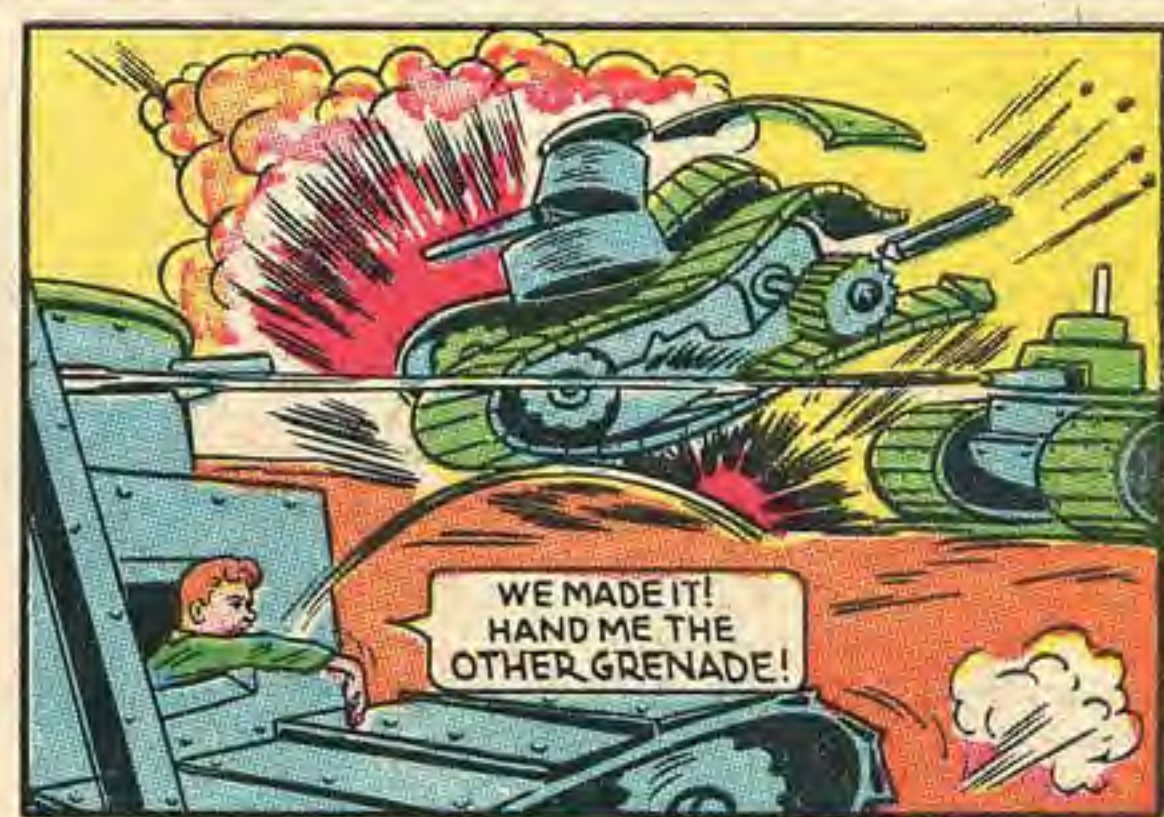
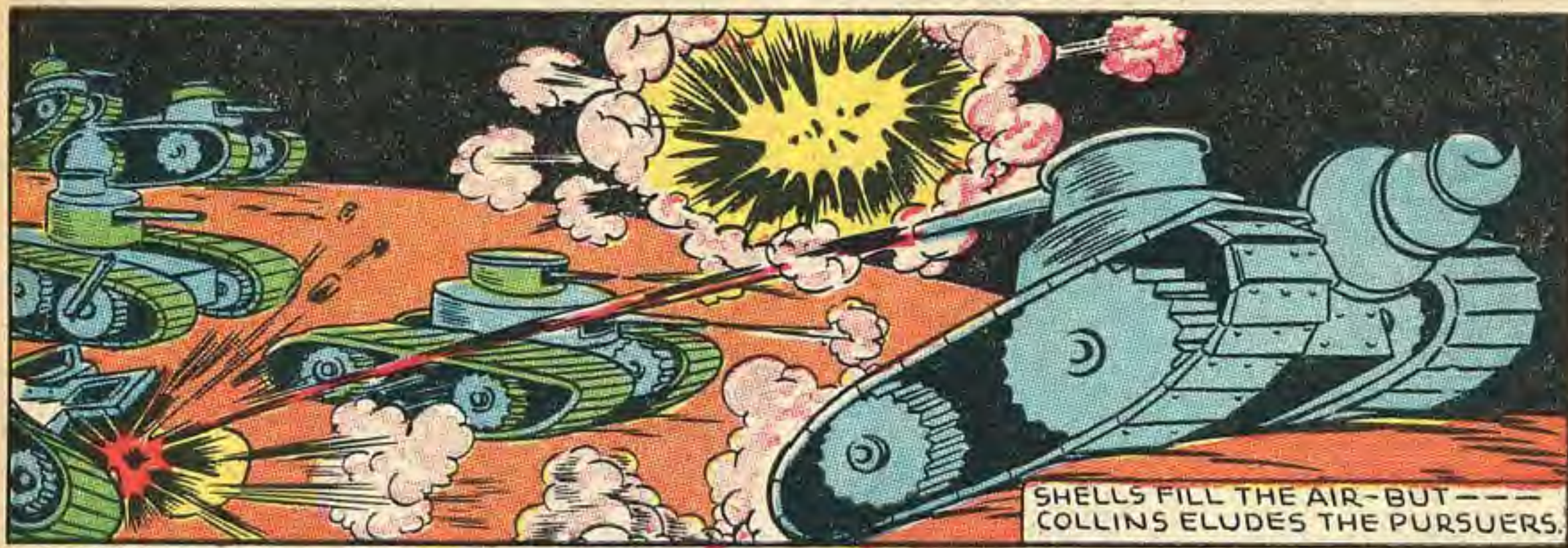
START THE MOTOR!

5



FASTER! MUCH FASTER- THEIR TANKS FOLLOW!

COLLINS AND THE FRENCH SOLDIERS MAKE THEIR ESCAPE IN THE TANK-BUT THE ENEMY IMMEDIATELY GIVES CHASE



FRAME-UP

BY
PHIL
STURM

John Sand, Special Investigator for the Federal Bureau of Investigation, settled himself firmly at a table close to the window. The Federal man focused his eyes on the entrance of the Tip Top Club, visible through the window of the Chinese restaurant in which he sat.

Three months now the Investigator had been on the trail of Jerry Sanko, notorious bank robber, killer and public enemy. Three months of gruelling search and yet not a single clue as to the whereabouts of the killer. Acting on the hunch that Sanko might some day return to visit Marie Lane, his chorus girl sweetheart, the G-Man kept a close watch on the crowds entering the club nightly.

Completely taken in by his duty, Sand hadn't noticed the entrance of three slinky looking strangers, until the shuffling of chairs at his table caused him to look up. Lifting his eyes a little, he found himself looking squarely into the muzzles of two black automatics concealed under newspapers held by two of the men. The third nonchalantly fingered a spoon.

"Don't make a move, Copper," a voice ordered. Two guns to back the command, Sand knew they were in control of the situation.

"Get this," came out of the side of the speaker's mouth. "Order a round of drinks. Don't do too much talking or them guns'll have something to say to you."

The G-Man, now fully aware that a wrong move on his part would bring a bullet, did as he was told. Three times the harsh voice ordered him to repeat the call for drinks. The three men swallowed theirs easily, but Sand not being a drinking man felt his throat burn and sting as he swallowed the liquid. Finally the voice, full of meaning, ordered: "Act palsy with the boys on the way out." The speaker walked to the waiter and paid the check as the other three walked out.

Outside Sand was forced into a black limousine and seated between the two men. Presently the third man came out, took his place at the wheel, and in a few seconds the car raced along the street.

"Listen, what's the meaning of all this?" the Federal man asked curtly.

"Look, G-Man," came the response from the man at the wheel. "the boss knows you're here for him. So we gotta get you away for a little while until he finishes up some business and clears out. Now, shut up, will yuh?"

The car raced along in the direction of the waterfront and stopped at an old deserted warehouse. Two men dragged the Federal man from the car.

"Conk him," the man at the wheel shouted. "Tie him and lock him up in there."

The phone rang out in the still room. The desk Sergeant dropped his pen, picked up the phone and bellowed, "Desk Sergeant—what! At Barnes warehouse? Who's talking? Hung up, darn them!" The Sergeant got up and walked to a door marked, "Squad Room."



"Flanagan," he shouted into the room, "get the boys and hop over to the Barnes warehouse—somebody prowlin' around in there."

In a few minutes the squad car with screaming siren raced down the street. The car stopped at the warehouse. The officers hopped out with flashlights in hand, entered the building and began searching the dark interior.

"Don't see a thing," one of the men shouted.

"Over here, quick! I hear a noise," someone called from the other end of the room.

A half a dozen or so flashlights played around the room and came to rest on the staggering form of Investigator Sand.

"Stand still with your hand up!" a cop ordered.

The G-Man, hands raised, glanced into the blinding lights, blinked his eyes and shook his head to clear his senses. The figures approached him and he soon made them out to be policemen. "Thank God, it's police. I thought it was them coming back again," he blurted out.

As the officer came up to the G-Man's face he drew back quickly and said, "With a breath like that, maybe it's pink elephants you're expecting!"

"Come on, get him into the car. We ain't got time to waste," another cop broke in.

In a little while the car was back at the police station. The Federal man was searched. When the Sergeant pulled out Sand's gun and badge, he looked quizzically at the G-Man and said, "I'll have to report you to the District office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation."

The following day Sand reported to the district office of the F. B. I. The chief questioned Sand severely on his actions of the night before. After a severe grilling the Chinese waiter was called in to testify.

"Now tell me what he did in your place last night?" the Chief questioned further.

"He come in alone. Sit down and eat. Soon three more men come in and sit with him. He buy two times, maybe three times drinks for himself and men. They all get up and go. He very drunk, others help him out," the waiter replied.

The Chief dismissed the Chinese waiter, faced Sand and sternly said, "A bank stickup only a few feet from where you should be. You drinking with a bunch of crooks. I suggest you leave for Washington to turn in your badge."

Sand started as if to say something but knew it was useless. Like a broken and beaten man he dejectedly left the building. As he continued down the street, his mind was a jumble. He couldn't think straight. Dazed, he wandered for blocks until a voice in back of him startled him with, "Mr. Sand!" He reeled around and came face to face with Marie Lane, Jerry Sanko's girl.

The girl came closer and whispered, "Jerry can't two-time me. I know you're the copper Jerry framed so I came to you. I have the black bag they took from the bank. I also got some letters Jerry sent me while hiding out last year. That ought to give you a lead. It's all up in my room."

"Good," the G-Man said to himself. "The letters would reveal Sanko's old haunts. Chances are he went back to one of them." He eyed the girl sharply and said, "Can we go now?"

The girl nodded and the two proceeded down the street. Presently they arrived at a small stone building which bore a sign in front, "Furnished Rooms." They walked up two flights. The girl put a key in the latch, opened the door and switched the lights on. Sand followed her. As his foot crossed the threshold he saw the figures of four men opposite him. In a flash he hurled his body between a huge easy chair and the wall, at the same time slamming the door behind him and switching out the light. Two bullets whizzed by his ear as he dropped to the floor. The G-Man whipped out his pistol and crawled along the floor to a table a few feet away from the easy chair.

"They're firing at the chair," Sand muttered to himself. Bracing himself, he fired three shots in the direction of the dark outlines.

"Looks like he got Joe and Red," a voice said in the dark.

"Good!" thought the G-Man to himself. "That only leaves two of them and the girl."

"Quick, Steve—we gotta lam out of here," the voice in the dark again spoke.

"What about me?" the female voice cried out.

"Sure, you're coming with me," Sanko answered sarcastically.

Suddenly the window shade flew up and flooded half the room with light. Sand watched, and in the outline saw the figure of the girl held in front of the two gunmen as they worked their way to the window.

Knowing that he couldn't shoot at a defenseless woman, Sand could do only one thing. He picked himself up and rushed at the figures. A bullet ripped his jacket on the left shoulder. With one hand he brushed the girl aside and made a grab for one of the figures. The third, carrying a black bag, made its escape out the window to the fire escape.

As the Federal man grabbed the crook, the two went tumbling to the floor. Sand brought down a hard right to the side of the man's jaw. Suddenly the light switched on and two policemen with guns in hands stood in the doorway.

"What's the shooting going on in here?" one of them asked.

"I'm from the F. B. I. These are the bank robbers. Hold them. I'm going after one that got away," Sand shouted as he raced down the stairs.

On reaching the street, he saw the black limousine



round the corner. Sand rushed to a parked taxi, flashed his badge and ordered the driver out.

"This is going to be too dangerous a ride for you, Buddy," he shouted back to the cab driver as he pulled away from the curb. The G-Man pushed the accelerator down to the floor. The cab swerved and dodged in and out of the way of cars as it raced along. Slowly Sand saw himself gaining on the black car. The limousine appeared to be getting bigger and bigger as the cab kept getting closer to it. Suddenly the black car slowed down a bit and swerved sharply to the left. The G-Man jammed his foot on the brake. The car screeched and whirled from left to right as it crashed into the limousine.

The cab, from the force of the impact, rolled over and landed on its wheels. The G-Man, jarred but unhurt, dashed out in time to see Sanko crawl from the wreckage of the black sedan. The killer gripped an ugly looking automatic in one hand and in the other held the black bag which contained the bank loot. As Sanko spotted the G-Man he whirled about, his lips curled in a disdainful sneer, and fired point blank at the Federal man. Sand, trained for just such emergencies, lunged to one side at the same time whipping out his own gun. The bullet whistled past his ear. Sanko fired again. The force of the bullet striking the Federal man's shoulder whirled him around. Even as he whirled, the G-Man's gun barked twice. With a cry of pain on his lips, the killer clutched at his stomach and slumped to the pavement.

The following day in a private room at the local hospital, the district Chief of the F. B. I. stood smiling over the bedside of the wounded Investigator Sand. The Chief gripped Sand's hand in his and said, "Sanko confessed about his men getting you drunk. He also confessed to the bank robbery before he died. The girl and the other gunmen are locked up. Looks like you rounded them all up, Sand. I guess you won't have to go to Washington to turn in your badge, after all."



THE THUGS TAKE RED TO A DOCK WHERE A SMALL BOAT IS MOORED

ALL RIGHT, RED-GET IN!

SHALL WE SING "OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN?"

THEY FORCE RED INTO THE BOAT, THEN HEAD FOR THE OPEN SEA!

O.K. JOE, GUESS IT'S DEEP ENOUGH OUT HERE!

ALL RIGHT! GET UP, RED!

WHEN THEY REACHED DEEP WATER THE MOBSTERS MADE READY TO HURL RED OVERBOARD. BUT RED HAD SECRETLY FREED HIS HANDS AND.....

WONDER WHAT SPIKE'LL SAY WHEN YOU BOYS DON'T COME BACK?

QUICK AS A FLASH, RED TOSSED BOTH MOBSTERS INTO THE WATER.

...AS THE BOAT SURGED IN THE SWELL, RED LUNGED FORWARD AND WITH A TERRIFIC BLOW KNOCKED THE GUN FROM THE THUG'S HAND.

SPIKE'LL FEEL MY REVENGE NOW! I'LL GET HOME AND OUT OF SIGHT AWHILE!

UPON REACHING SHORE, RED IMMEDIATELY WENT TO HIS HOTEL ROOM. WHILE PACING UP AND DOWN LIKE A CAGED TIGER, PLOTTING REVENGE ON SPIKE WOOD, RED'S EYES LIT ON THE LITTLE MOVIE ACROSS THE STREET. HE WAS ATTRACTED BY THE TITLE OF THE MOVIE.. "THE MAD MARTIAN". AND WENT INTO THE THEATRE TO SEE THE PICTURE.

THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!-AND IF IT WORKS-- OH BOY!



WELL, DOC-HOW MUCH MORE HAVE YOU GOT TO DO?

AFTER SEEING THE CREATION OF THE MONSTER FROM MARS IN THE MOVIE, RED FORCES DR CARDO, THE EMINENT SCIENTIST TO CREATE A MONSTER... A CREATURE THAT WILL LIVE UNDER WATER... HALF MAN AND HALF FISH.



I ONLY HAVE TO GIVE HIM THE CLAWS OF THE KILLER LOBSTER-



...THE TEETH OF THE TIGER SHARK-



- AND THE HEART OF THE BARRACUDA! THAT IS ALL!



WELL, GET IN THERE AND FINISH IT!



WHILE THE GOOD DOCTOR LABORS IN THE OPERATING ROOM, RED GLOATS OVER HIS HIDEOUS PLAN!

WHAT AN IDEA THAT WAS--A MONSTER THAT WILL BE MY SLAVE!



YOUR MONSTER IS BORN--LOOK!



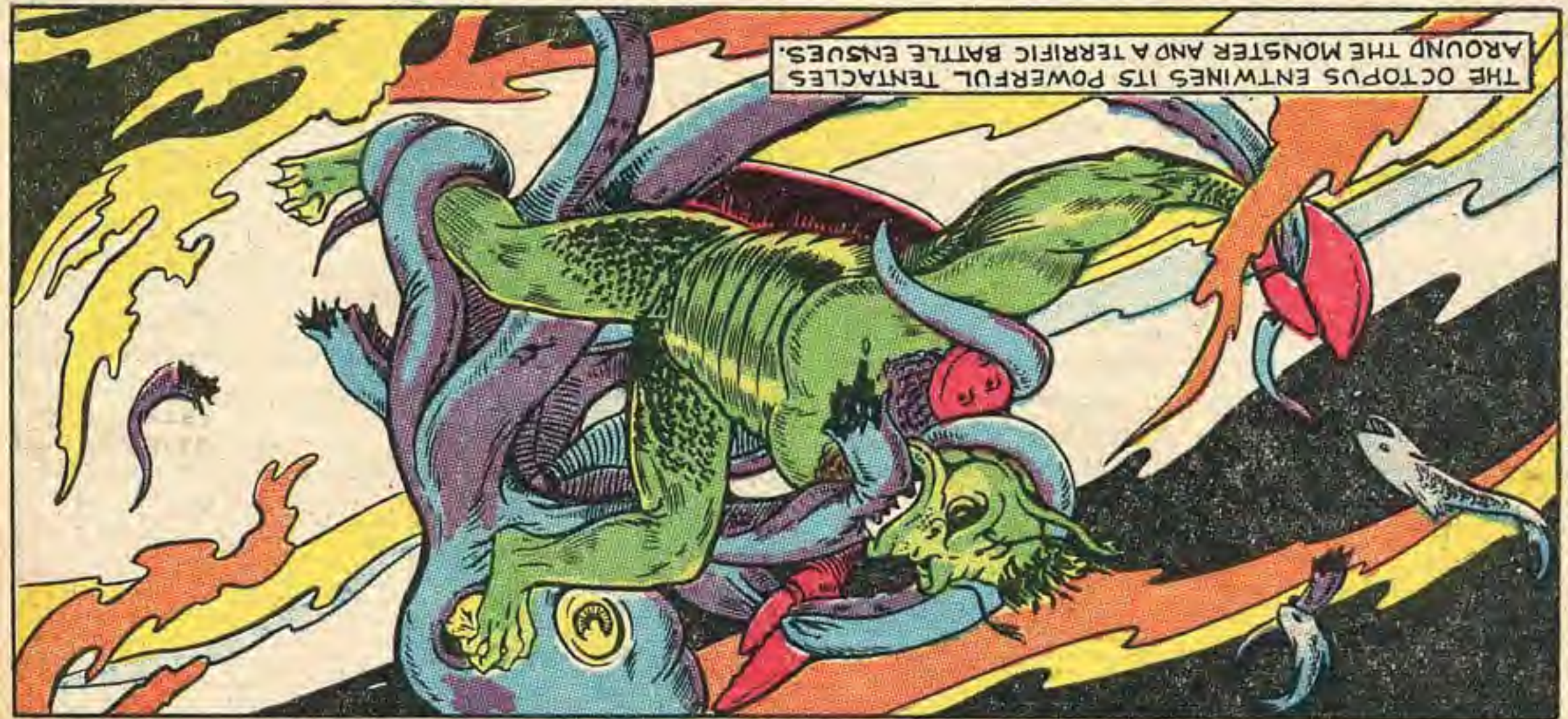
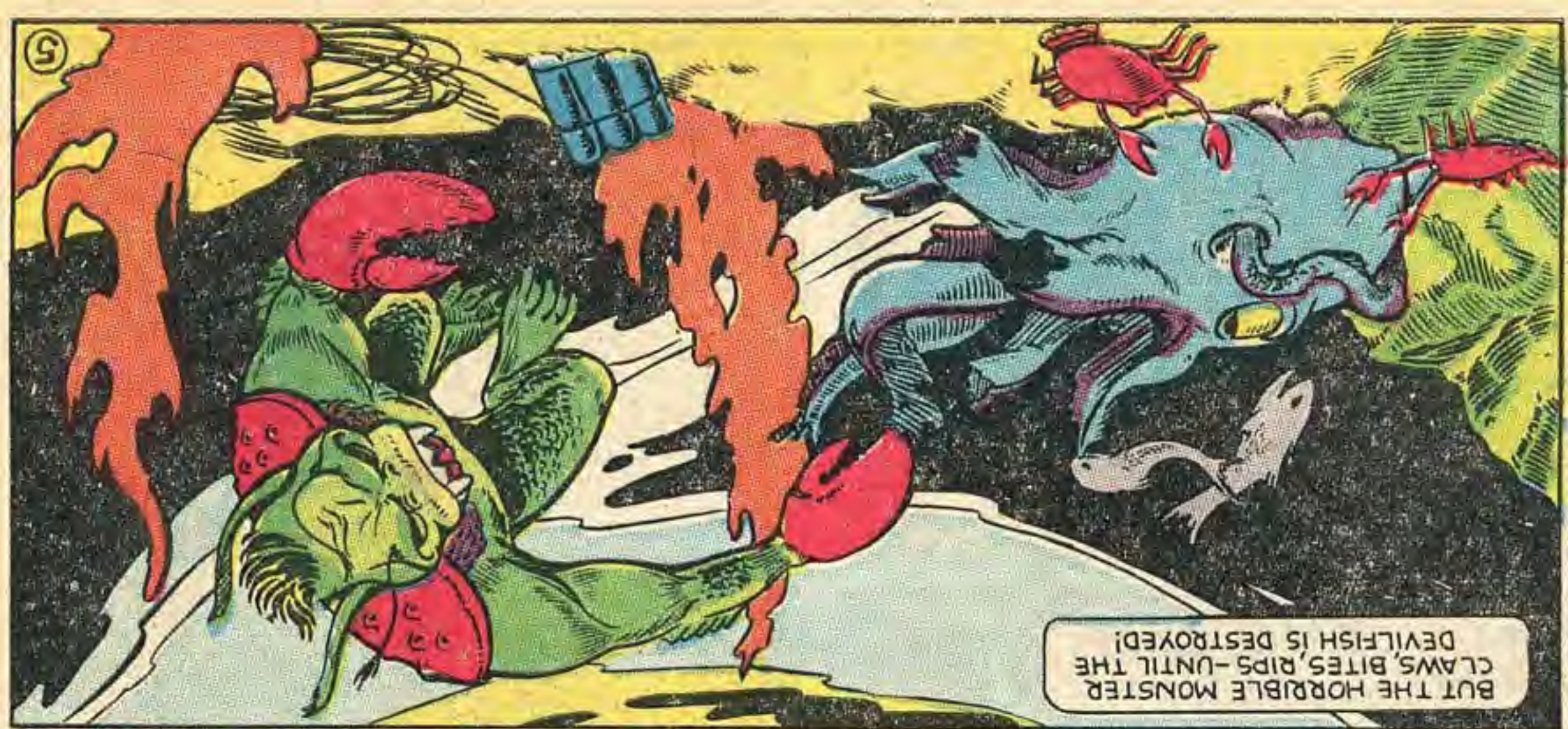
AND BEHOLD! THERE STOOD THE MONSTROSITY WHICH THE DOCTOR WAS FORCED TO CREATE!

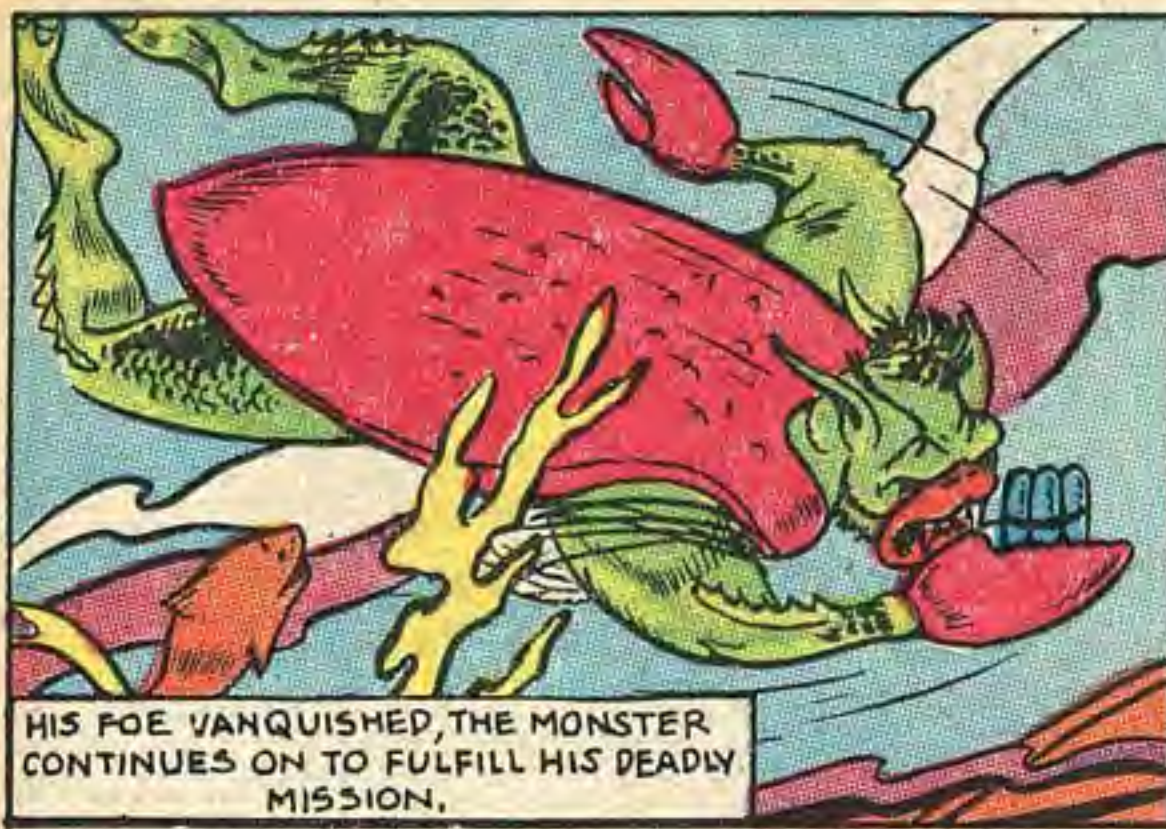


BUT THE HORRIBLE MONSTER
CLAWS, BITES, RIPS—UNTIL THE
DEVILFISH IS DESTROYED!

THE OCTOPUS ENTWINES ITS POWERFUL TENTACLES
AROUND THE MONSTER AND A TERRIFIC BATTLE ENSUES.

SWIMMING OUT TO DO HIS
MASTERS BIDDING, THE MONSTER
IS ATTACKED BY AN OCTOPUS!





HIS FOE VANQUISHED, THE MONSTER CONTINUES ON TO FULFILL HIS DEADLY MISSION.



THE DYNAMITE IS TIED TO THE PROPELLER OF SPIKE'S SHIP.



HIS MISSION COMPLETED, THE MONSTER RETURNS TO HIS MASTER.



SOMETHING TELLS ME WE HAVEN'T HEARD THE LAST OF RED!

ABOARD SPIKE'S SHIP-



EVEN AS THEY SPEAK, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OCCURS AND DAVY JONES CLAIMS SPIKE WOOD AND HIS HENCHMEN. RED DUGAN'S REVENGE IS COMPLETE.



WELL, THAT'S THAT! SPIKE WILL NOT BOTHER ME AGAIN!



WITH THE MOST VICIOUS MONSTER EVER KNOWN READY TO OBEY HIS COMMANDS, RED IS THE POSSESSOR OF THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE FORCE KNOWN TO MANKIND. BUT WILL DR. CARDO REMAIN SILENT? SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS FOR ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF DEVIL OF THE DEED!

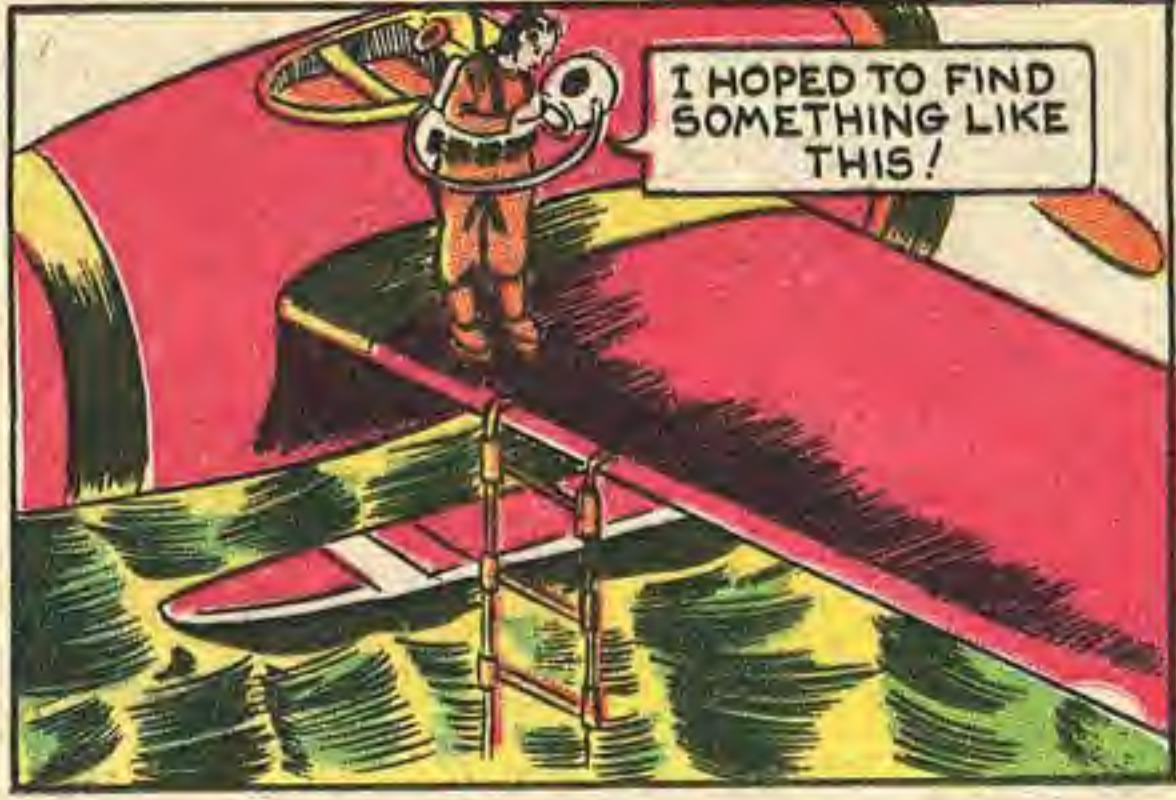
Secret ASSIGNMENTS

"THE LOST SHIP"





JACK DROPS HIS SHIP TO THE OCEAN SURFACE, ABOVE THE WRECK.



I HOPED TO FIND SOMETHING LIKE THIS!



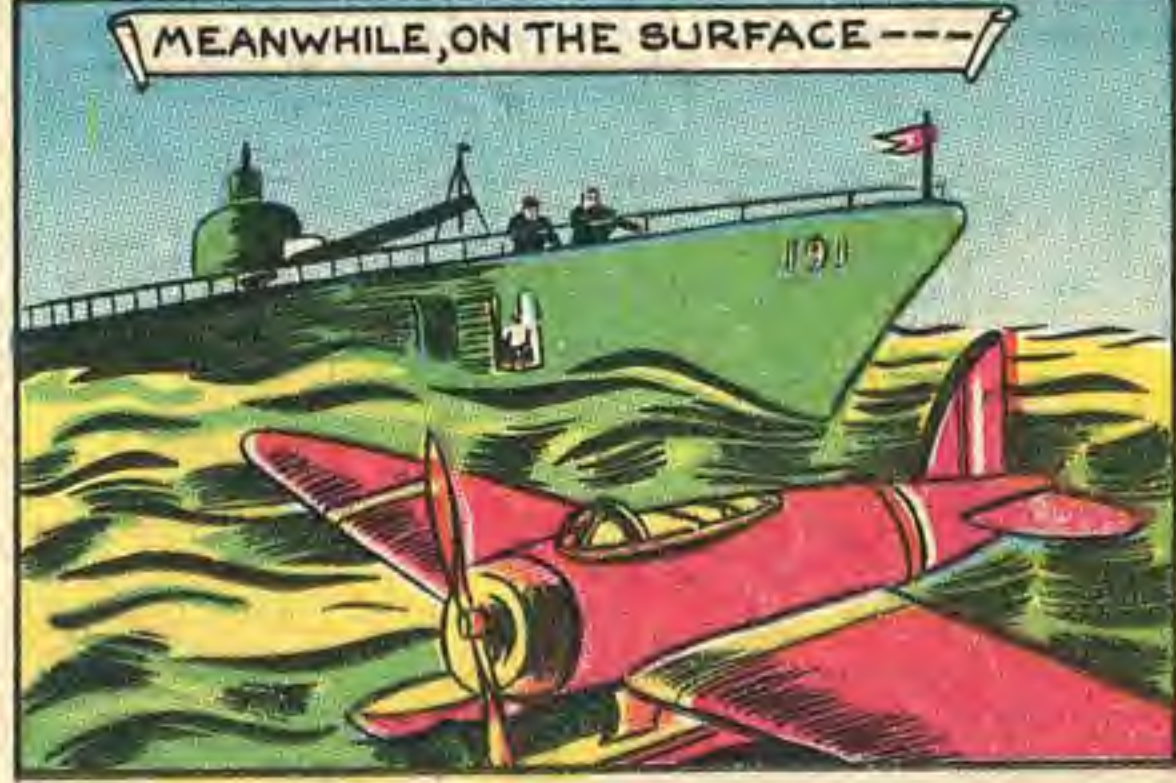
AND I'M JUST ABOVE THE WRECK!



NO SIGN OF SAILORS' BODIES -- YET NO RECORD OF ANY SURVIVORS!



SHE WAS SUNK BY A SHELL OR A TORPEDO, FROM OUTSIDE. THE PLATES ARE DRIVEN INWARD. MORE THAN AN ACCIDENT HERE!



MEANWHILE, ON THE SURFACE ---

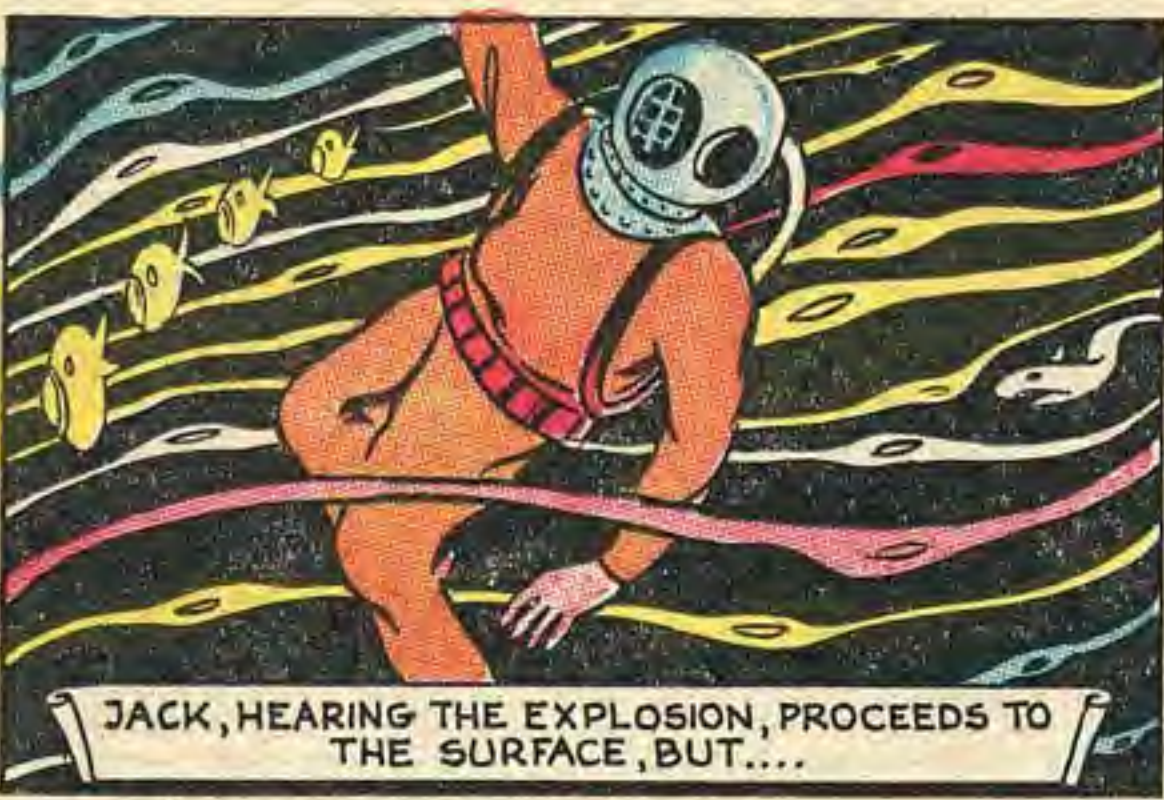


WHAT PLANE IS THAT? GIVE IT A SHELL!



AND JACK'S PLANE IS BLOWN TO BITS!

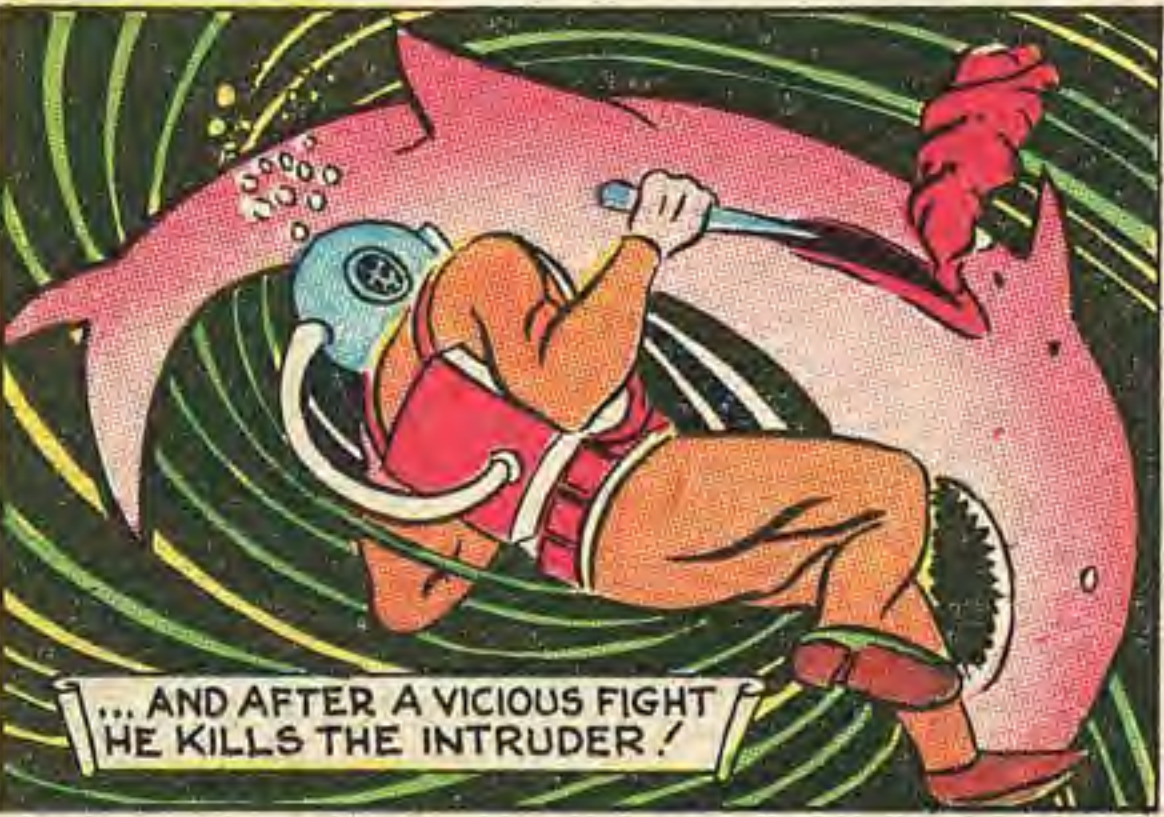
A HOSTILE SUBMARINE MAKES AN APPEARANCE.



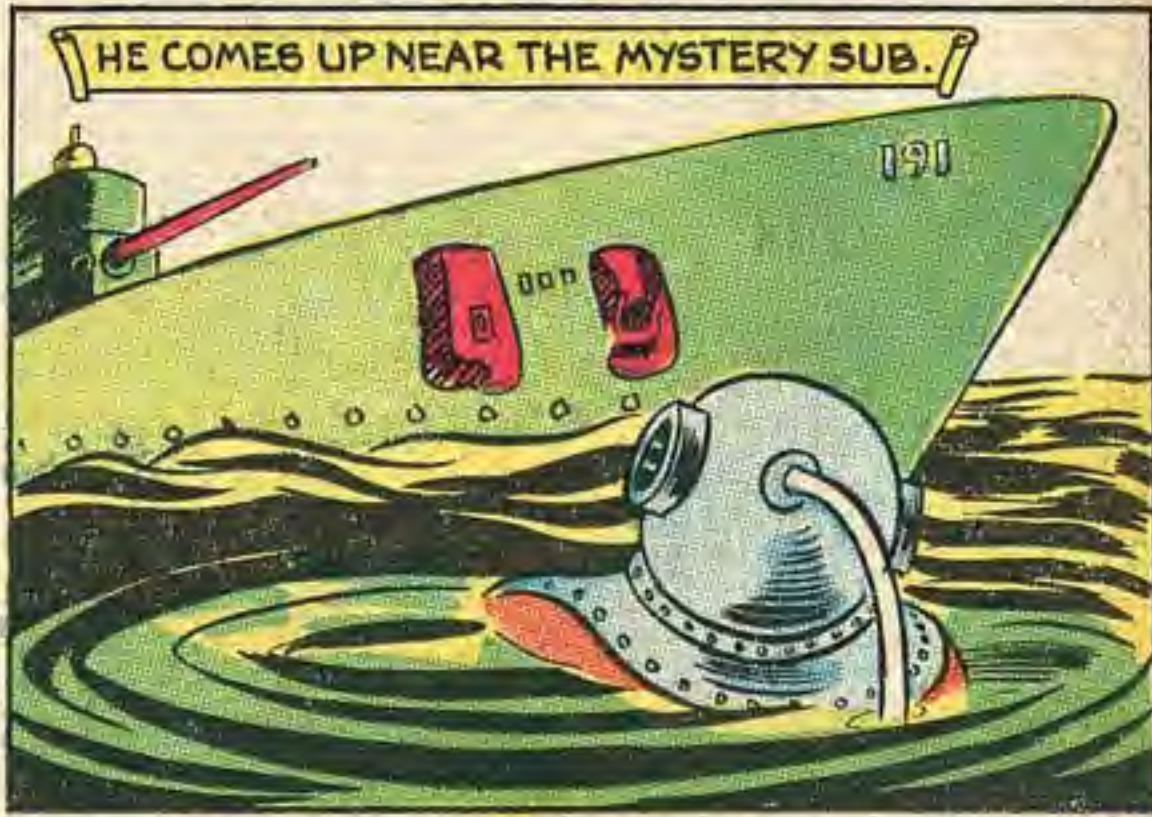
JACK, HEARING THE EXPLOSION, PROCEEDS TO THE SURFACE, BUT...



...IS ATTACKED BY A SHARK!



... AND AFTER A VICIOUS FIGHT HE KILLS THE INTRUDER!



HE COMES UP NEAR THE MYSTERY SUB.



THERE MUST BE INVESTIGATORS NEAR--PREPARE TO DIVE!



THE SUBMARINE DIVES, JACK HANGING ON!



WHERE THIS THING GOES, I'LL GO TOO!



IT'S TAKING ME INTO A CAVE!

THE SUBMARINE RISES TO THE SURFACE—
BUT IN A GLOOMY GROTTO!



ALL WELL--WE SMASHED
THE INVESTIGATOR'S PLANE!



JACK STEALTHILY FOLLOWS THE
MYSTERIOUS CREW.



YOU SAY YOU BLEW
UP AN AIRPLANE?

YES, UNDOUBTEDLY AN
INVESTIGATOR! THEY'RE
TRAILING US!



BUT THEY'LL NEVER FIND THIS
SECRET HIDEOUT--OR LEARN
THE REASON FOR OUR ATTACK!



WE'LL CRIPPLE HALSEY'S
FLEET--THEN WE'LL GET
THE CONTRACT!



BUT IF THEY SHOULD
GAIN A CLUE TO
THIS HIDEOUT?

WE COULD DEFEND IT--AND
WE HOLD THE CREWS OF THE
SUNKEN SHIPS AS HOSTAGES!



I'VE GOT TO
WORK FAST!



JACK DOES NOT WAIT TO HEAR
MORE. HE DASHES THROUGH
THE CAVES IN AN ATTEMPT TO
FIND THE CREWS OF THE
SUNKEN SHIP!





BUT YOU'LL NEVER
SINK THAT FOURTH
SHIP!

THIS'LL TEACH YOU A GOOD
LESSON, YOU UNDERGROUND
RATS!

...BUT ARE SURPRISED BY JACK
AND THE LIBERATED SAILORS!



TAKE THAT
WISE GUY!



YOU'RE MY
PRISONERS!



DON'T SHOOT! WE
SURRENDER!

THE RESCUED SAILORS COMMAND THE SITUATION!



AND SOON THEY EMERGE TO FREEDOM.



LOOK, A
PLANE!

I KNOW IT! IT'S
MY UNCLE'S!
SIGNAL HIM
DOWN!



SPLENDID WORK, MY BOY!
YOU'VE WRECKED THE
WRECKERS AND SAVED
MY MEN FROM CAPTIVITY!

ALL IN A DAY'S
WORK, UNCLE!

BOB PHANTOM

THE SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD

IRVING
NOVICK



WE GOTTA DO THIS SYSTEMATICALLY! YOU-TIM-WILL DO THAT VAN HALTER JOB!

OKAY, CHIEF-TONIGHT!

SNAKY SIMMS, BIG-TIME RACKETEER, ORGANIZES A MOB.



THAT NIGHT-TIM STARTS OUT FOR THE VAN HALTER MANSION

YOU WON'T PULL THIS JOB, TIM!

BOB PHANTOM!

THAT GUN WON'T HELP YOU, TIM!

OW-W-W!



WHERE ARE YOU TAKIN' ME?

HA! YOU'LL FIND OUT!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT-TIM DIDN'T RETURN, YET THE PAPER DOESN'T SAY NUTHIN' ABOUT A PINCH!

MAYBE HE SKIPPED WITH THE LOOT!



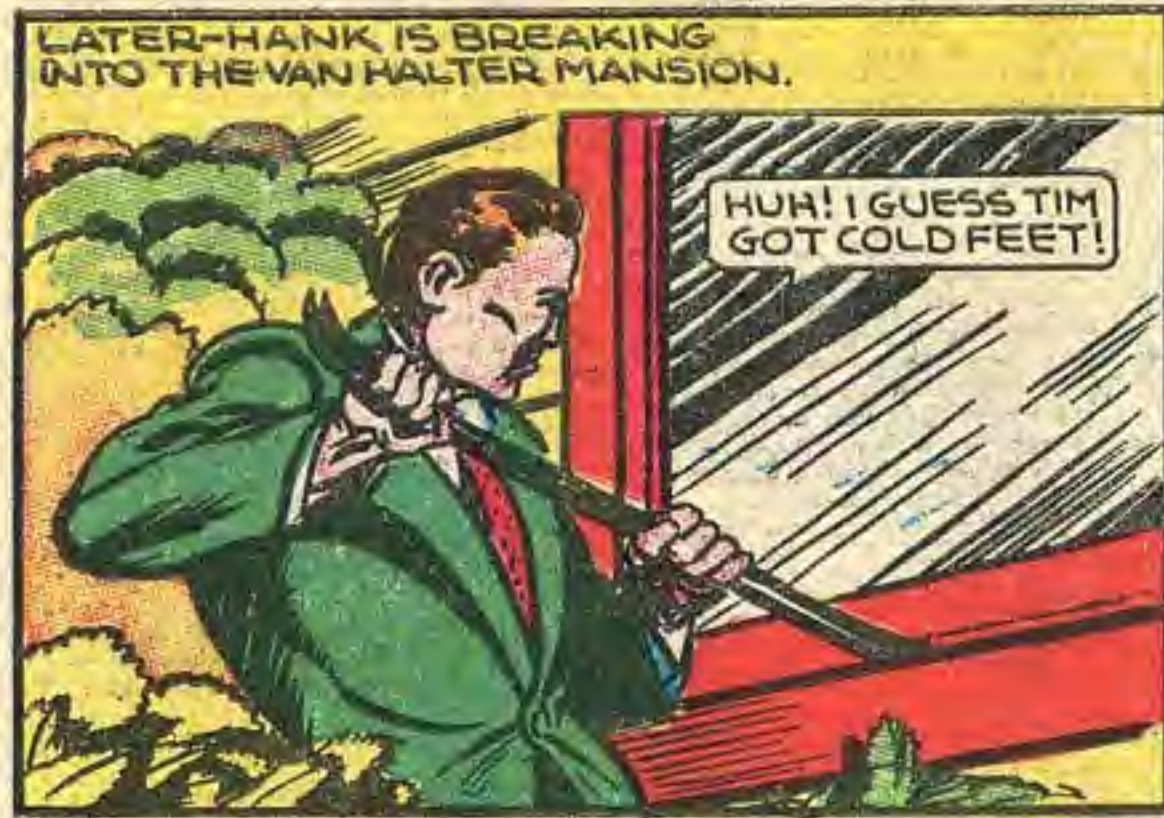
WHEN TIM DOESN'T RETURN, THE THUGS ARE PUZZLED

BOB PHANTOM WHISKS UP TIM WHO IS POWERLESS IN HIS MIGHT GRASP



NO, THERE'S NO STORY OF THE ROBBERY IN THE PAPER. LISTEN, HANK, YOU DO THAT JOB TONIGHT!

OKAY, BOSS!



LATER-HANK IS BREAKING INTO THE VAN HALTER MANSION.

HUH! I GUESS TIM GOT COLD FEET!



YOU'VE GONE FAR ENOUGH!

IT'S BOB PHANTOM!

SUDDENLY THE PHANTOM APPEARS.



THIS IS YOUR LAST JOB!

H-HELP!



BOB PHANTOM CLAMPS HIS HAND OVER THE GANGSTER'S MOUTH AND WHISKS HIM AWAY.

C'MON, WE'RE GOING PLACES!



THE THUGS WONDER AT HANK'S DISAPPEARANCE

SURE IS SPOOKY!

THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY GOIN' ON HERE-HANK DIDN'T COME BACK EITHER!



SNAKY SIMMS FORMULATES A PLAN TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING MEN

LISTEN-JOE AND SLUG WILL START OUT TONIGHT, AN' RED AND BILL WILL FOLLOW AT A DISTANCE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



THE MOBSTERS FOLLOW OUT SNAKY'S ORDERS.

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO HANK AND TIM?

I DON'T KNOW! I'M KEEPIN' MY GUN HANDY!



OK YOU GUYS /
TOMORROW'S THE DAY
FOR THE PAYROLL
STICKUP! I WANT YOU
ALL TO GO-AND MAKE
SURE YOU BRING
BACK THE DOUGH!



THE APPOINTED HOUR-THE MOBSTERS
STAGE THE DARING PAYROLL ROBBERY.

WE'LL TAKE
THAT DOUGH!

GET 'EM
UP!



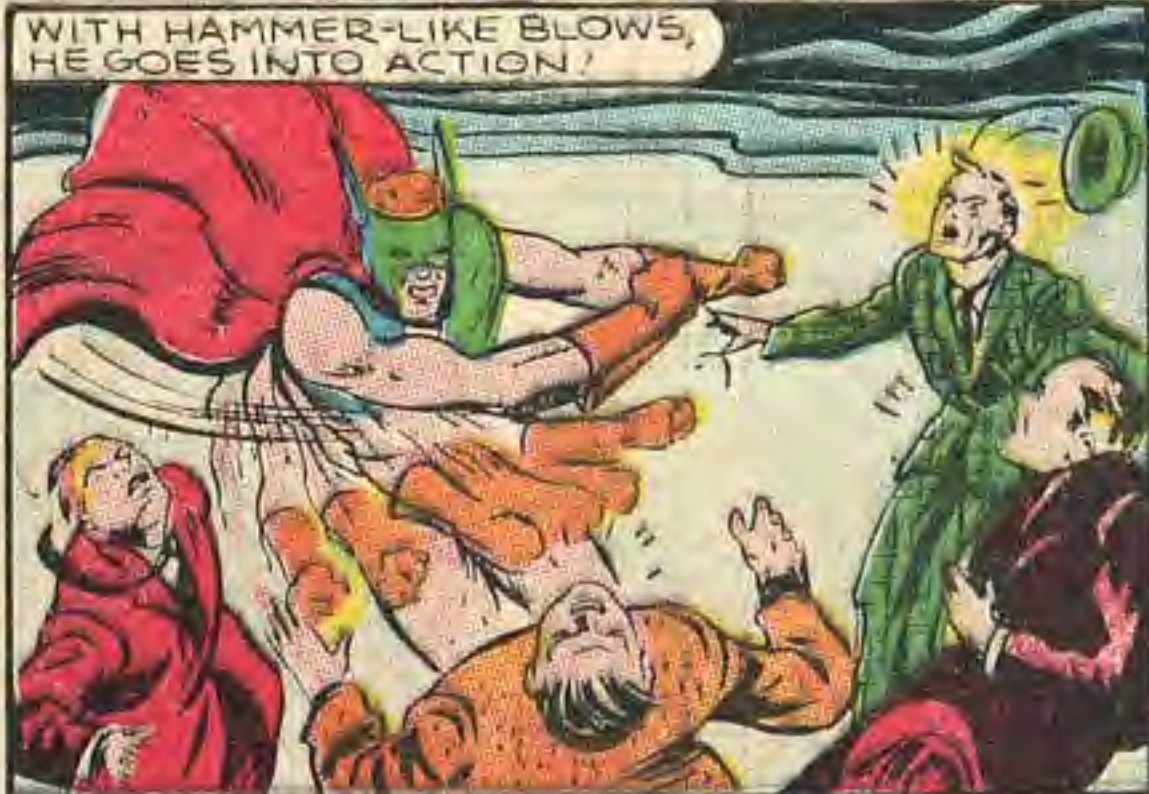
BUT AT THAT MOMENT BOB
PHANTOM SWOOPS INTO VIEW.



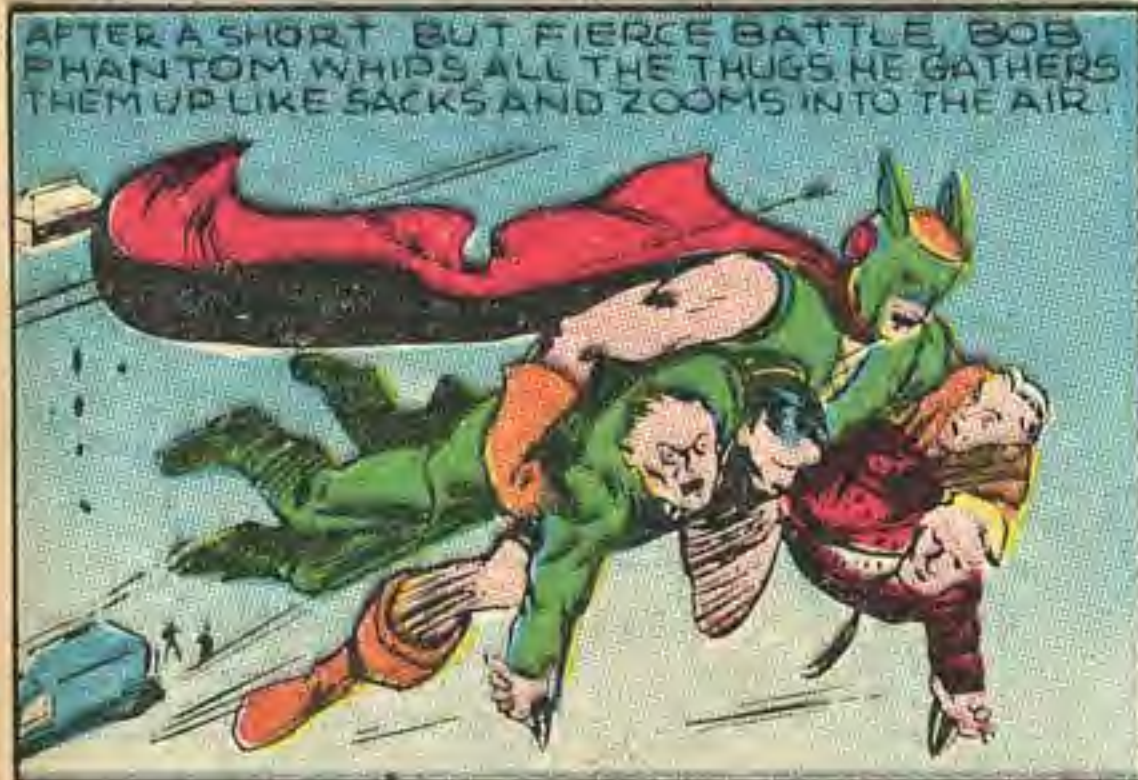
NO YOU
WON'T!

IT'S THE
SPOOK!

WITH HAMMER-LIKE BLOWS,
HE GOES INTO ACTION!



AFTER A SHORT BUT FIERCE BATTLE BOB
PHANTOM WHIPS ALL THE THUGS HE GATHERS
THEM UP LIKE SACKS AND ZOOMS INTO THE AIR.



WUXTRY-READ
ALL ABOUT THE
BIG HOLDUP !!

GIMME
ONE, BOY!



AN EXTRA IS ON THE STREET. SNAKY SIMMS
RUSHES UP TO A NEWSBOY AND BUYS ONE.



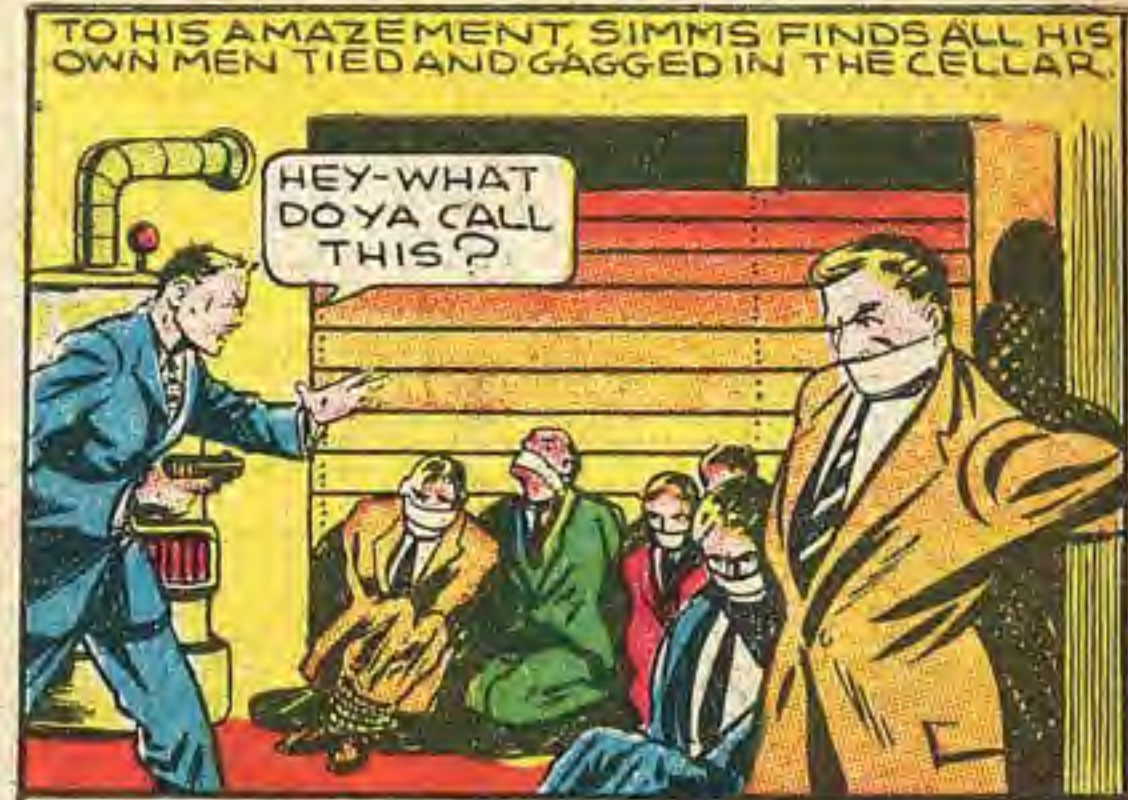
AS SIMMS PACES THE
FLOOR, HE HEARS
SOUNDS COMING
FROM THE CELLAR

BOB PHANTOM
AGAIN! WHY,
I'LL-WHAT'S
THAT NOISE?





IF THEM'S COPS,
I'LL BLAST 'EM
WIDE OPEN!



HEY-WHAT
DO YA CALL
THIS?



HOW'D YA
GET HERE?

BOB PHANTOM-
HE BROUGHT US
ALL HERE! I'M
SCRAMMIN'!



YOU GUYS ARE
YELLOW! WHY IF
I COULD GET MY
HANDS ON BOB
PHANTOM, I'D-!



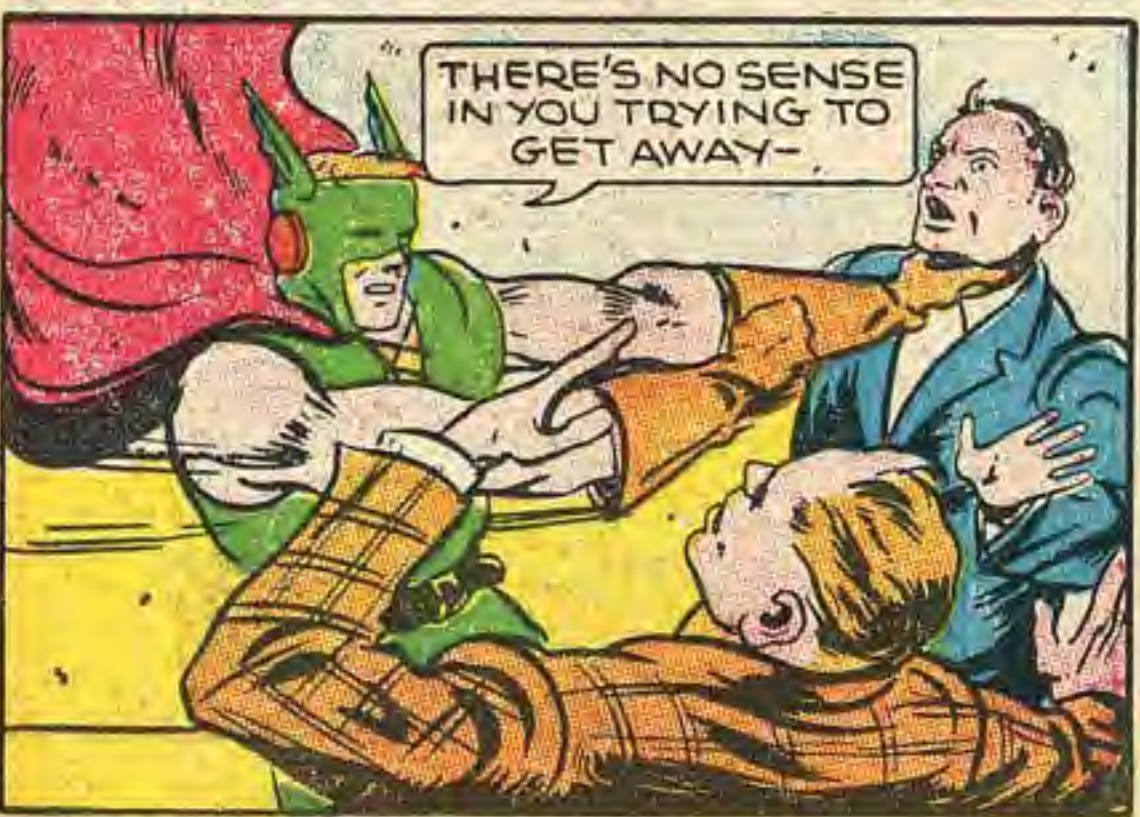
WHAT WOULD
YOU DO, SNAKY?



I'LL BLAST YA
WIDE OPEN, YA
SPOOK!

OH,
YEAH?





WATCH
BOB
PHANTOM
CLEAN OUT
ANOTHER
NEST OF
HOODLUMS
IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE OF
BLUE
RIBBON
COMICS.

CRIME ON THE RUN



TRUE STORIES
OF CRIME No.2

by JACK COLE

THE LOS ANGELES KILLERS

A TRUE STORY OF A
GANG OF DESPERADOES
WHOSE DEADLY DEEDS
WERE ENDED ONLY
AFTER LIVES OF INNO-
CENT CITIZENS WERE
SACRIFICED.

ON JULY 23,
1932, THREE
BANDITS
ENTERED
BRODER'S
JEWELRY
STORE AT
768 SOUTH
VERMONT
STREET, LOS
ANGELES,
CALIFORNIA.



WHILE THE
MEN WERE
LOOTING THE
SHOW-CASES,
A CUSTOMER
ENTERED,
AND, SEEING
WHAT WAS
HAPPENING,
TURNED TO
LEAVE THE
STORE...





COME ON
LET'S GO!

BUT ON
THEIR WAY
OUT, ONE
OF THE
BANDITS
DROPPED
HIS LOOT
BAG ON
THE FLOOR
OF THE
STORE.



POLICE
ARRIVED
ON THE
SCENE
SOON
AFTER-
WARDS



DEAD! AN INNOCENT,
DEFENSELESS OLD
MAN KILLED BY GOLD-
THIRSTY DOGS!!

LOOK, RAINEY -THEY
MUST HAVE DROPPED
THIS BAG! LOOKS
LIKE A PILLOW CASE!



TAKE IT DOWN TO
HEADQUARTERS
AND HAVE IT
EXAMINED WHILE
I GO OVER THESE
SHOWCASES FOR
FINGERPRINTS!



SEVERAL FINGER-
PRINTS
WERE DIS-
COVERED,
BUT THE
POLICE
WERE UN-
ABLE TO
MATCH ANY
WITH THOSE
OF KNOWN
CRIMINALS.

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE
UP A TREE FOR THE
TIME BEING, UNLESS
SOMETHING BREAKS.



AND IT DID
BREAK!
AT 1:21 PM,
AUGUST 24,
LESTER DROLL,
MANAGER OF A
BANK ON S.
BROADWAY,
LOS ANGELES,
WAS TALKING
ON THE TELE-
PHONE WHEN-

I CAN'T TALK ANY
MORE, JIM - THERE'S
A STICK-UP! CALL
THE POLICE. WILL YOU?

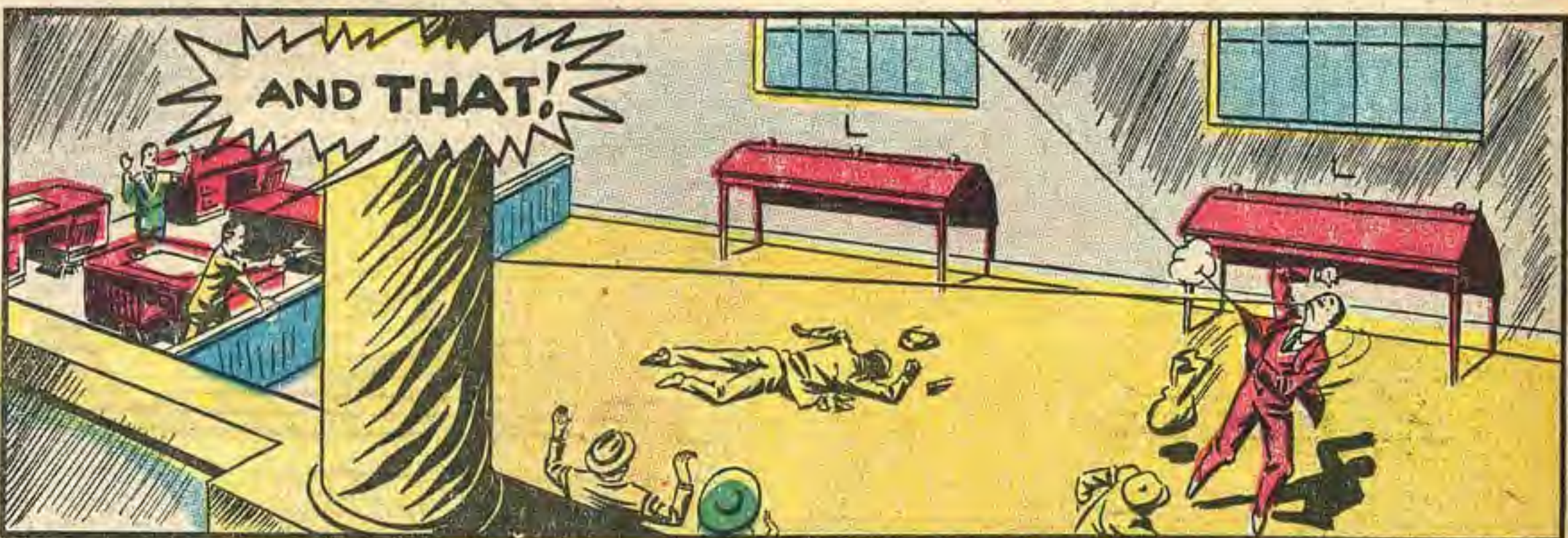
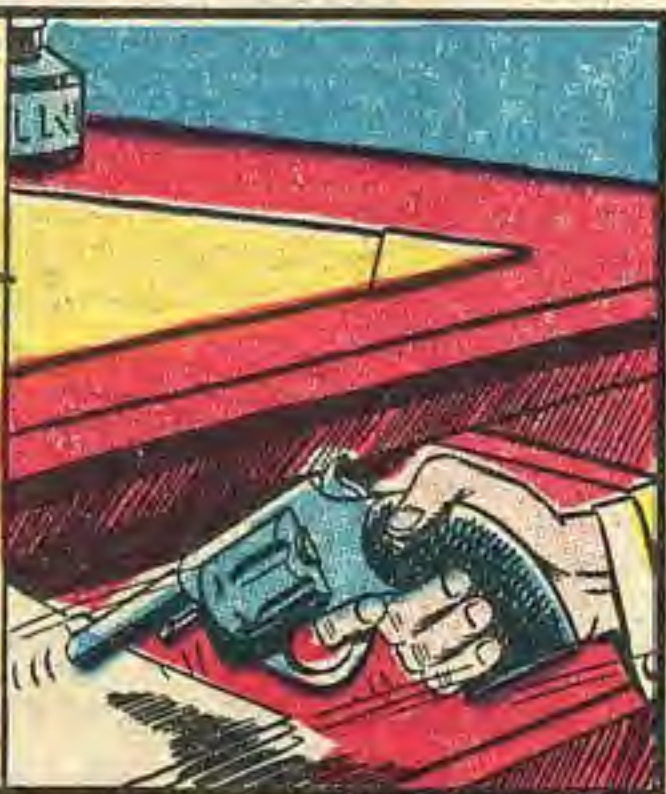




STUFFING
MONEY IN-
TO THEIR
POCKETS
AND BAGS,
THE BANDITS
BEGAN TO
LEAVE, WHEN
THE NEGRO
THUG SHOT
ONE OF THE
BANK-TELL-
ERS —



A WANTON AND
UNNECESSARY
SHOOTING! THIS
ENRAGED THE
BANK-MANAGER.
BEYOND CONTROL,
HIS OWN FRIEND
SHOT DOWN IN
COLD BLOOD!
SUDDENLY HE
JERKED HIS DESK
DRAWER OPEN AND



DESERT-
ING THEIR
COMPANIONS
THE OTHER
TWO BANDITS
JUMPED IN-
TO A WAIT-
ING CAR AND
STARTED
DOWN THE
STREET.
DROLL
KEPT FIRING!



TEARING UP
BROADWAY,
THEY CAME
TO 75TH ST.
SUDDENLY—

WATCH
OUT-FOOL!

CRASH!

+GXX+!!O!!*
BACK UP AND
GET GOING!

THE THREE
BANDITS ES-
CAPED.—SOON
POLICE AND
DETECTIVES
OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD,
FINGER-PRINT
MEN AND
PHOTOGRAPHERS
ARRIVED ON
THE SCENE

BOTH DEADER'N DOOR-
NAILS! MR DROLL, YOU
ARE TO BE CONGRAT-
ULATED FOR SUCH A
COURAGEOUS DEED!

THE INJURED BANK-TELLER
WAS RUSHED TO A HOSPITAL.

AMBULANCE

POLICE THEN
SEARCHED THE
POCKETS OF
THE SLAIN MEN

HERE'S AN AUTO
REGISTRATION
CARD FROM ONE,
AND A SLIP OF
PAPER FROM THE
NEGRO'S POCKET

HMMM! FRANK
ALVARADO!—OWNS
A FORD!—LET'S SEE
THE OTHER PAPER.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA
DEPT. OF Motor Vehicles
This certifies that
Name Frank Alvarado
Address 5569 5th Street
City Los Angeles, Cal
Has been carrying in drive on automobile
in the State of California for the year
ending Dec 31 1935

WE'LL CHECK THE
ADDRESSES AND
SEE WHAT TURNS UP.

Harvey Saunders
1254 1/2 E. 23 St.
Los Angeles

HERE'S A PILLOW-
SLIP THEY LEFT,
SIR!—IS IT WORTH
ANYTHING AS A
POSSIBLE CLUE?

IS IT?! WHY,
THIS MEANS
THAT THE THUGS
ARE THE SAME
ONES WHO KILL-
ED THAT OLD
MAN LAST MONTH!

THE PILLOW SLIP WAS COMPARED WITH THE ONE FOUND AT THE BRODER STORE. BOTH WERE OF THE SAME MATERIAL AND STYLE! THE JEWELER IDENTIFIED BOTH DEAD BANDITS AS TWO OF THE BANDITS WHO HAD ROBBED HIM, BUT THE LEADER WAS STILL AT LARGE. — A GREAT MANHUNT ENSUED.

WE CHECKED UP ON THE TWO ADDRESSES, CHIEF, AND FOUND THAT THE BANDIT'S FAMILIES ARE ABSOLUTELY INNOCENT!

DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING OF THE THUG'S ASSOCIATES?



THE NEGRO'S HALF BROTHER SAID HE HAD ASSOCIATED WITH A MAN KNOWN AS "YORKIE".

IT'S ONLY A SLIM CHANCE, BUT BRING THE BROTHER IN!



WHEREUPON, ALL PICTURES OF MEN NAMED "YORKEY", "YORKEE", "YORK", "YORKS" ETC. WERE SHOWN TO THE SLAIN NEGRO'S HALF BROTHER. HE PICKED ONE OUT —

THAT'S HIM I'M SURE!



ROBERT YORK — A THREE-TIME LOSER — NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!

ROBERT YORK



ANOTHER CLUE CAME UP WHEN THE OTHER DEAD BANDIT, FRANK ALVARADO WAS SAID BY HIS BROTHER TO HAVE GONE TO A HOTEL WITH A MAN CALLED "GEORGE" ONCE! DETECTIVES WENT TO THE HOTEL —

WE'RE FROM HEADQUARTERS. LET'S LOOK AT YOUR REGISTER!



HERE IT IS! FRANK ALVARADO AND GEO. TURCOTT!



IS TURCOTT STILL HERE?

NO! — HE CHECKED OUT!



THE DETECTIVES RETURNED TO HEADQUARTERS.

THAT NIGHT, DETECTIVE RAINEY, WHILE DRIVING AROUND TOWN, SUDDENLY SPOKE TO HIS COMPANION:—

I'VE GOT A HUNCH, DANE!—WE'RE GOING BACK TO THAT HOTEL AGAIN!

I THINK YOU'RE CRAZY, BUT GO AHEAD!

CAN WE SEE YOUR BOOK AGAIN?

LOOK! THESE NAMES ARE DIFFERENT, BUT THE WRITING IS THAT OF GEORGE TURCOTT!

GOING UP TO THE ROOM OF THE TWO MEN, RAINEY KNOCKED ON THE DOOR. IT SOON OPENED.

KEEP 'EM UP YORK!

INSIDE, GEORGE TURCOTT REACHED FOR HIS GUN—

THE THUGS ARE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY.

WELL, THAT ABOUT FINISHES THE JOB.

WHAT A HUNCH THAT WAS!

THE REMAINING BANDITS, WHOSE NAMES WERE FOUND TO BE HAROLD LAMAY AND HOMER ROGERS, WERE SOON CAPTURED.—GEO. TURCOTT AND HOMER ROGERS WERE CONVICTED OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER AND SENTENCED TO LIFE-IMPRISONMENT.—HAROLD LAMAY RECEIVED A FOURTEEN YEAR-TO-LIFE SENTENCE IN FOLSOM PENITENTIARY. ROBERT YORK WAS EXECUTED AT SAN QUENTIN—HIS REWARD FOR MURDER! ONCE AGAIN LAW CONQUERED CRIME AND WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO UNTIL CRIMINALS LEARN THAT THE STRAIGHT WAY IS THE BEST WAY!

NOTE: NAMES OF PEOPLE OTHER THAN CRIMINALS INVOLVED ARE FICTITIOUS TO PROTECT INNOCENT CITIZENS.

BOYS AND GIRLS WIN A PRIZE FOR YOUR LETTER

HERE'S your chance to win a brand new crisp \$5.00 bill, and ten new \$1.00 bills.

All you have to do is write a letter, of 30 words or more telling which feature in BLUE RIBBON COMICS you like best and why.

A prize of \$5.00 will be awarded to the lucky boy or girl who sends in the best letter, and **WE WILL AWARD \$1.00 FOR EACH OF THE NEXT TEN BEST LETTERS.** Rush your letter in now! This contest closes midnight of January 10, 1940.

The decision of the Judges will be final and all letters remain the property of the publisher. The names of the winners will be announced in the pages of this magazine.

Address your letters to

CONTEST EDITOR, Room 315

Blue Ribbon Comics

160 WEST BROADWAY

NEW YORK CITY



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Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friends' voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestra or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.

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COMPLETE OUTFIT INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED BLANK RECORDS ONLY. . . . **\$2.98**

Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$.75 per dozen.

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Send.....additional blank records at \$.75 per dozen.

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Address

City and State.....

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ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPHS
RECORD PLAYERS
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OLD OR NEW TYPE
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HOME RECORDING CO.

Studio BP

11 West 17th St., New York, N. Y.





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A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

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